

The Sketch.



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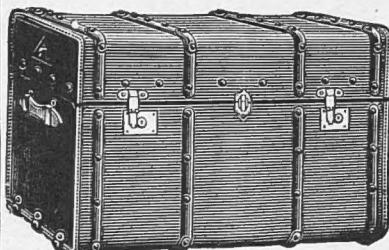
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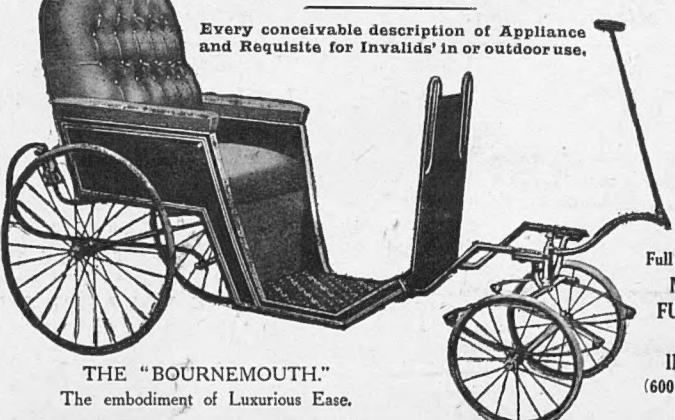
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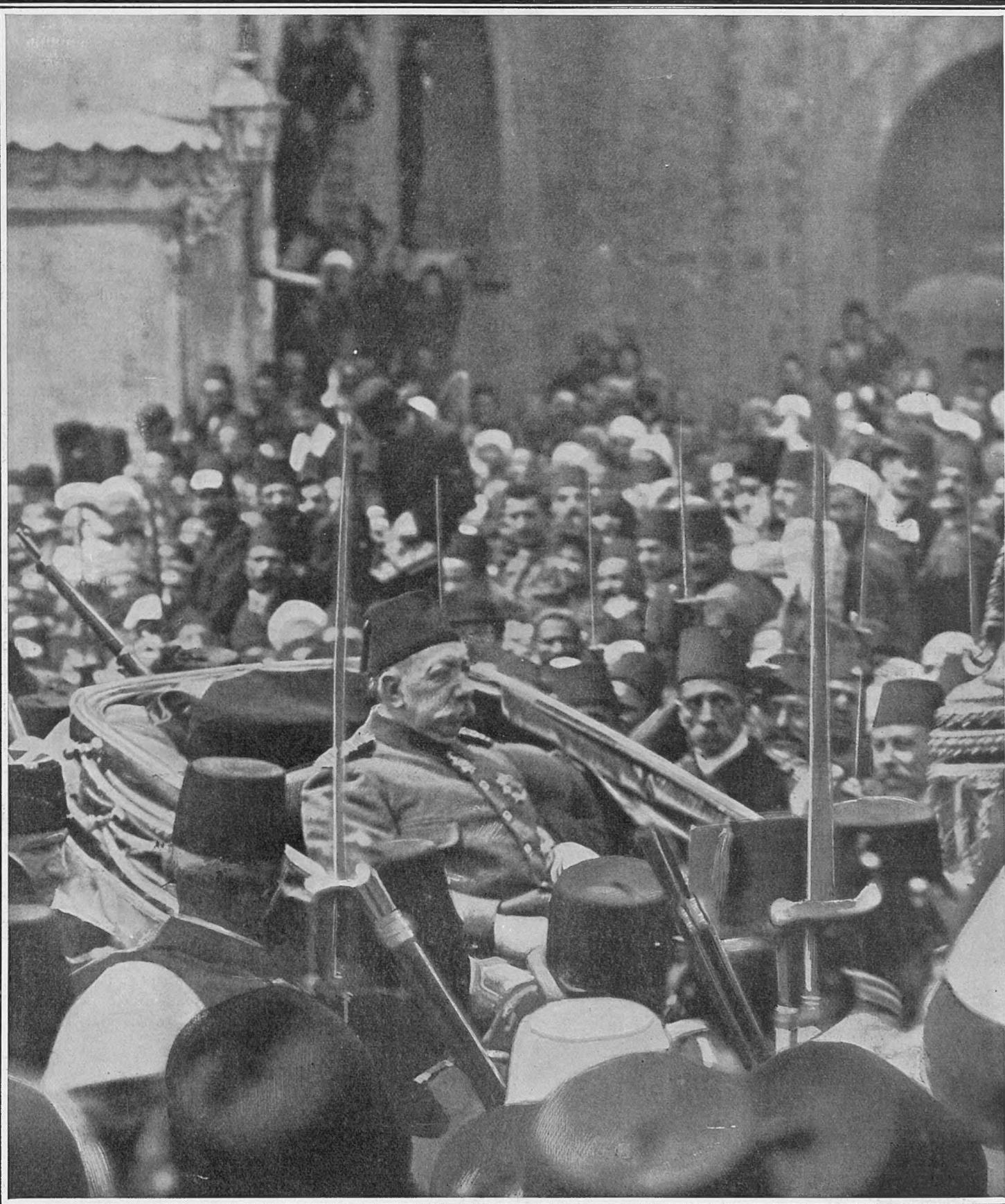
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No. 975.—Vol. LXXV.

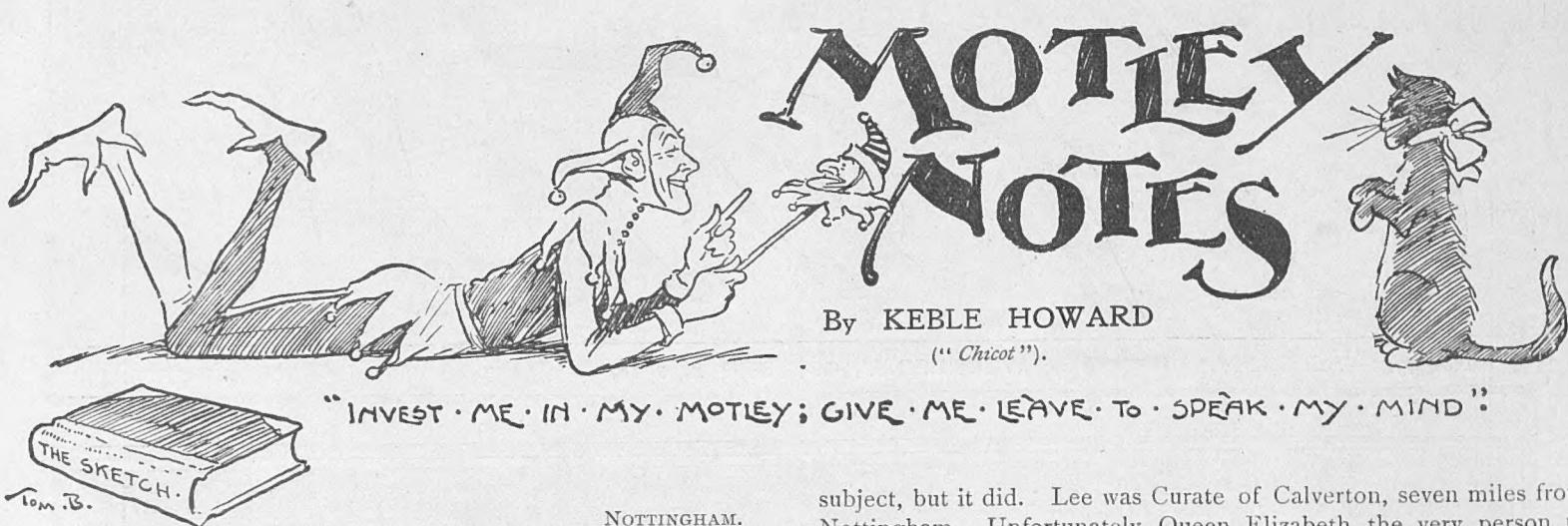
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



POLITICALLY SICK, CONVALESCENT, OR MORIBUND? THE SULTAN OF TURKEY MOHAMMED V.,
WHOSE EMPIRE HAS BEEN IMPERILLED BY THE WAR WITH ITALY.

The Sultan's predecessor, the deposed Abdul Hamid, was often spoken of as the "Sick Man of Europe," and recent events prompt the question whether, politically speaking, the present ruler of Turkey is sick, convalescent, or moribund, for it has been suggested that Italy's declaration of war might be the beginning of the disruption of the Ottoman Empire. It will be remembered that Sultan Mohammed, who is Abdul Hamid's brother, was kept by him virtually a prisoner for thirty years in the Dolma Bagche Palace on the Bosphorus. He was born in 1844, and succeeded to the throne on April 27, 1909. He is the thirty-fifth in male descent of the house of Othman, the founder of the empire, and twenty-ninth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

NOTTINGHAM.
Have you ever made a study of a "theatrical special," friend the reader? You can do so any Sunday at any big railway-station, and I think you would find it worth while. Perhaps

you imagine that each company has its own special train? That would be very dull—from your point of view. A "theatrical special," by the time it reaches Birmingham, or Crewe, or Derby, or some such swirling-point, has collected unto itself representatives of every branch of the entertainment business. Here is the corridor-coach set apart for the "special London West-End company" travelling, say, from Manchester to Nottingham. The members of the company bear themselves humbly, unostentatiously, as befits the far-famed and much-photographed. They are separated by a van containing their elegant scenery from the drama company, who, in turn, are making their way from, say, Wigan to Reading. The head of the drama company, a lady of wonderful attractions, "takes the platform" much as, to-morrow night, she will "take the stage." This company, also, is hitched to its vanload of scenery. A little further, and we come to a series of coaches filled with "vaudeville artistes." Most of the men are American; you can tell them by their pale, alert faces, long hair, and long jackets. The women, hair frankly disarrayed, lean back in the corners and puff cigarettes. Children and chimpanzees form the complement.

Nottingham. This is actually my first visit to Nottingham. I can find no legitimate excuse for staying away so long from Nottingham. I hope to return here soon, and, after that, often. I like Nottingham because it is so essentially English. A rich city, a city of over two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, a city renowned the world over for its lace and hosiery, Nottingham, for all that, is not ashamed to perpetuate a real old-fashioned English market-place. It is called the "Great Market Place," and is five and a half acres in extent. Picture that space filled with the good old canvas stalls, delight of our youth! This happens every Wednesday and Saturday. How in the world could Nottingham be dull with such a Market Place? Then, again, Nottingham is so delightfully clean. You must have a clean place, you see, in which to make lace. All the buildings and houses are of red brick—a cheerful material. Stone is splendid in its way, but I was brought up amidst red brick, and I love the warm colour of it. As to the physical charms of Nottingham, hear the poet Deering—

She, on her left, Belvoir's rich vale descries,
On th' other, Clifton hill regales her eyes:
If from her lofty seat she bows her head,
There's at her feet a flowery carpet spread,
Britain's third stream, which runs with rapid force,
No sooner spies her, but retards his course:
He turns, he winds, he cares not to be gone,
Until to her he first has homage done;
He cheerfully his wat'ry tribute pays,
And, at her footstool, foreign dainties lays;
With assiduity her favours courts,
And richest merchandise from sea imports;
Ceres her gift with lavish hand bestows,
And Bacchus o'er his butt of English nectar glows.

Which is a fairly handsome tribute to a handsome town.

The Curate and the Stocking-Frame.

Nottingham owes much of her present prosperity to a Curate. This was the Rev. William Lee, who, in 1589, invented the stocking-frame.

I don't know how it happened that a curate's mind turned to such a

subject, but it did. Lee was Curate of Calverton, seven miles from Nottingham. Unfortunately, Queen Elizabeth, the very person to whom the stocking-frame should have appealed, discouraged the Rev. Lee. She said that his machine would ruin all her female subjects—a particularly short-sighted criticism. Anyway, we all know the result of Mr. Lee's ingenuity. In conclusion, one more quotation from the poet Deering—

Thy sons, O Nottingham, with fervour pray,
May no intestine feuds thy bliss betray;
Health, plenty, pleasure, then, will ne'er decay.

The Girl in the Paper-Shop.

It was in search of general information such as I have just jotted down that I entered, the morning after my arrival, a paper-shop. A fair-haired girl, with a listless manner, lolled behind the counter.

"Have you," I said politely, "a guide to Nottingham?"

"No," replied the girl, giving full vent to a yawn. "We used to keep them, but nobody ever bought one."

"Oh. Can you tell me, then, of some place of historical interest outside the town? I want an excuse for a few hours in the country."

"No," replied the girl, yawning again. "You see, I never go outside the town myself."

"Never?"

"No. I'm quite content to stay in the shop, just like this. In the evening I go to a music-hall."

"Every evening?"

"Yes. There's one for every day in the week, counting picture-shows."

"And you really can't advise me where to go?"

"No. If I was you, I should get on a car. It's sure to take you somewhere."

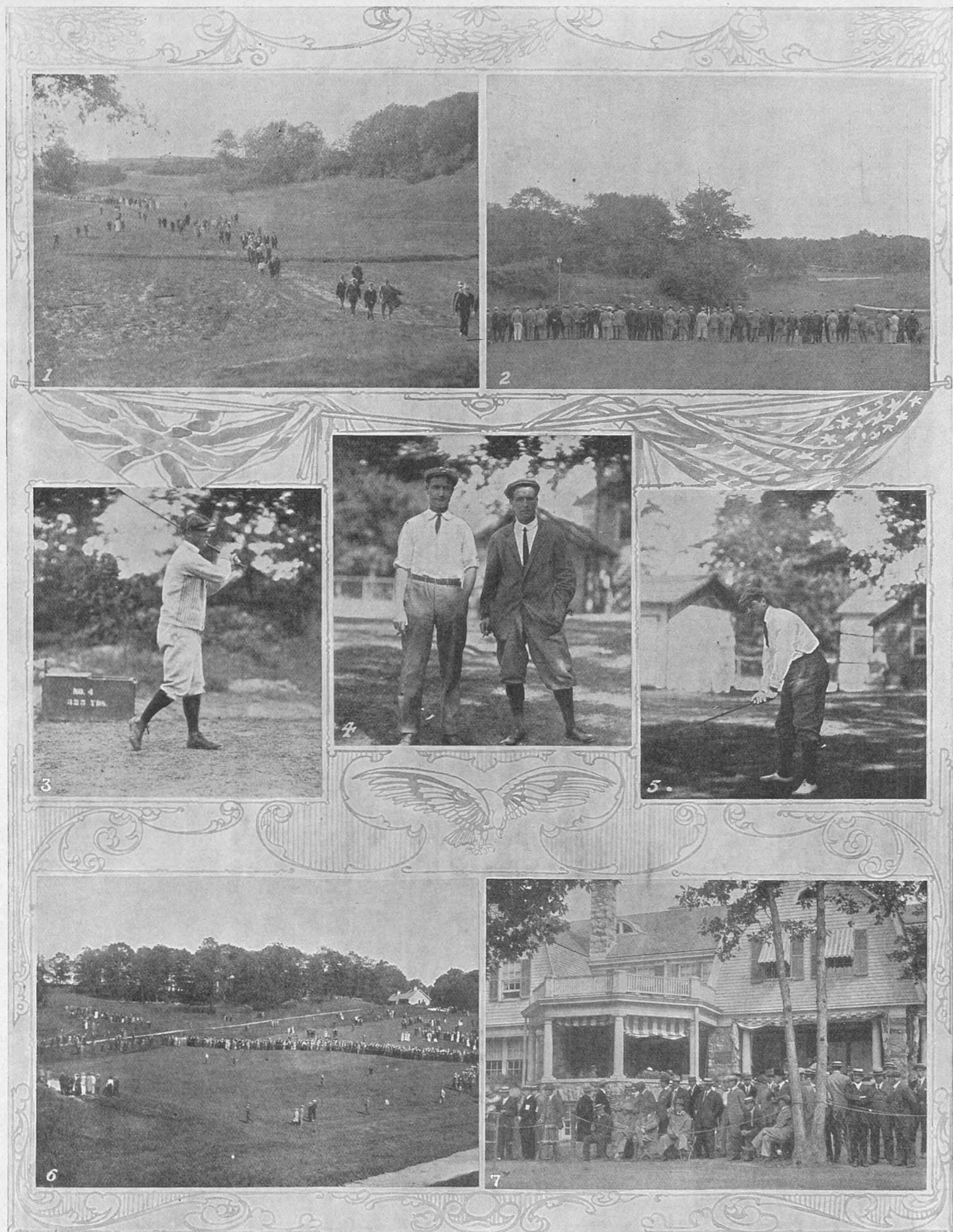
At Bulwell Hall.

This young person was not, I hasten to add, typical of Nottingham. My barber, during the course of an excellent shave, gave me plenty of information. I could reach the "Dukeries" in a little more than an hour. I could explore the Robin Hood country. I could go to Belvoir Castle or Haddon Hall, or Chatsworth, or Matlock. You can, in fact, go anywhere from Nottingham because Nottingham happens to be in the centre of all things, and is served by, at least, four great railways. In the end, I decided to visit Bulwell Hall. This imposing mansion is four miles from Nottingham, and, together with six hundred acres of delightful park, was purchased by the Corporation and presented to the townsfolk. It is rather astonishing to walk up the beautiful drive and read, over the stately hall door, the inscription—

"REFRESHMENTS."

It is quite true, none the less. If you take your own food you can have it in the Big Library, and hot water will be supplied at the rate of twopence per person. Special parties may dance in the Great Drawing-Room, and you will find complete lists of teetotal drinks on every side. The Billiard-Room is used only for lumber, but the gardens and green-houses are all at your disposal. For the sum of a shilling, at the most, you may live to the full the life of the idle rich. Bulwell Hall is the most striking evidence of the spread of communism I have ever seen.

THE ENGLISH WIN OF THE U. S. AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



1. THE SCENE OF THE GREAT MATCH IN WHICH MR. HAROLD H. HILTON WON THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES BY DEFEATING MR. FRED HERRESHOFF ON THE 37TH GREEN: AT APAWAMIS GOLF COURSE.
 2. TYPICAL OF THE "GALLERY" WHICH FOLLOWED THE HILTON-HERRESHOFF MATCH, CHEERING THE AMERICAN FRANTICALLY AND WATCHING THE ENGLISHMAN IN DEAD SILENCE: SPECTATORS AT APAWAMIS DURING THE PLAY.
 3. A PLAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP WHO HAS BEEN SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. CHARLES (CHICK) EVANS JUN.

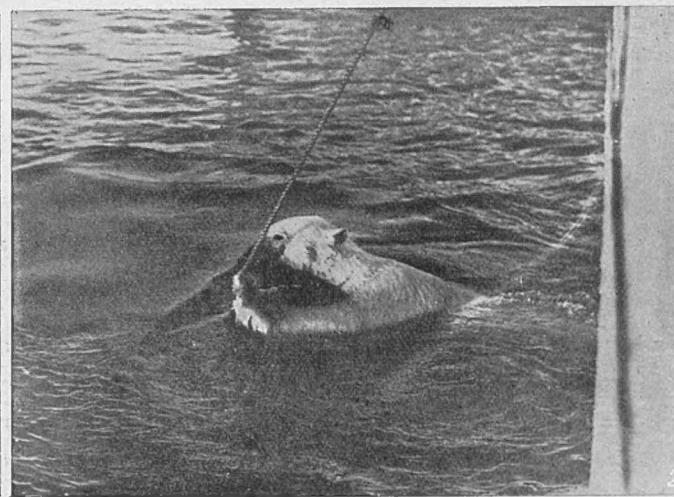
As every golfer knows, Mr. Harold H. Hilton won the Amateur Golf Championship of the United States by defeating Mr. Fred. Herreshoff on the 37th green at Apawamis. Mr. Hilton's task was not made the easier by a "gallery" which cheered Mr. Herreshoff frantically at every good shot he made, and was silent when the Englishman made a good shot. So great was the number of the spectators that orders had to be given to them by means of megaphones. After the match, Mr. Hilton was reported to have expressed the opinion that, with experience, which will bring consistency, the young American players should make their country's golf greater than British golf.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

4. MR. JEROME TRAVERS, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. HAROLD H. HILTON ON THE 31ST GREEN; AND MR. H. H. HILTON, WINNER OF THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.
 5. DEFEATED BY MR. HILTON ON THE 37TH GREEN IN THE MATCH FOR THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. FRED HERRESHOFF.
 6. THE SCENE OF THE PLAY: ON THE APAWAMIS GOLF COURSE DURING THE MATCHES.
 7. THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE APAWAMIS GOLF CLUB.

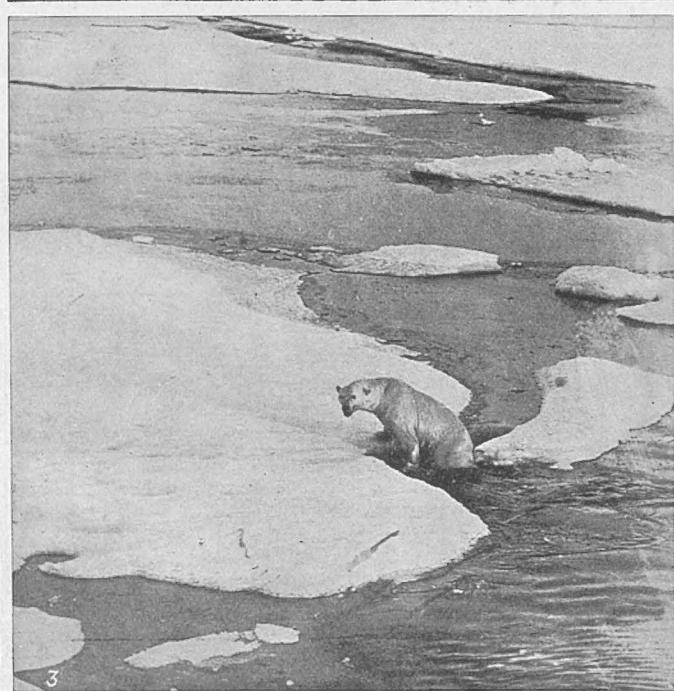
CATCH 'EM ALIVE OH! LASSOING WILD POLAR BEARS.



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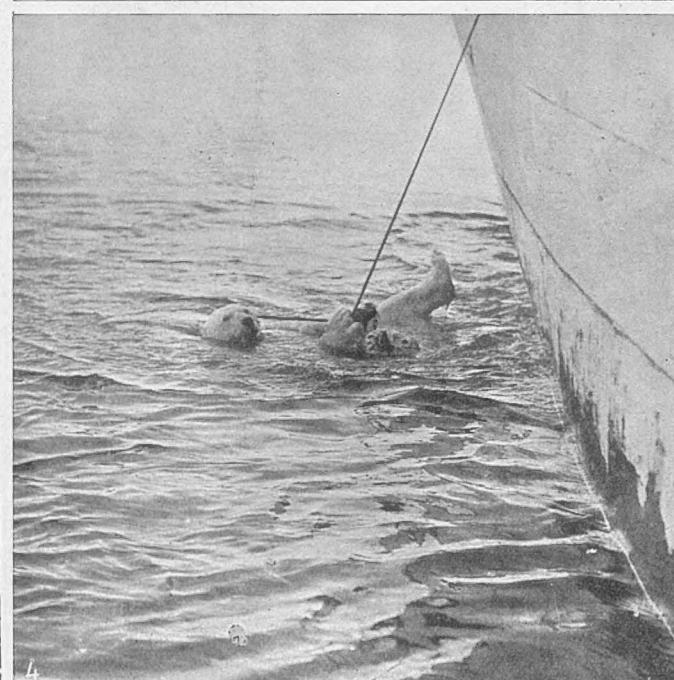
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4

1. FIGHTING THE NOOSE: THE BEAR CONTRIVING TO THROW OFF THE LASSO TIME AFTER TIME.
 2. WAR AGAINST MAN'S STRANGE WEAPON: THE BEAR STRUGGLING AGAINST THE SKILFULLY THROWN LASSO.

3. THE LASSOER'S QUARRY: A BEAR AT THE EDGE OF A GREAT FLAKE OF ICE.
 4. TAKEN ALIVE FOR A "ZOO": THE POLAR BEAR LASSOED.
 5. ON HIS WAY TO CAPTIVITY: A LASSOED POLAR BEAR BEING DRAWN ABOARD THE VESSEL.

Obviously, it is not easy to catch the polar bear alive at any time, and various and ingenious are the methods adopted to that end. Notable amongst these is lassoing, here illustrated. The noosed rope skilfully flung has "landed" a number of bears into captivity.—[Photographs by Haeckel.]

CONQUEROR OF SISTER CECILIA: MISS MAY LEITCH.



1. WINNER OF THE FIRST COMPETITION FOR THE "GOLF ILLUSTRATED" LADIES' GOLD CUP, AND, INCIDENTALLY, CONQUEROR OF HER SISTER, MISS CECILIA LEITCH: MISS MAY LEITCH, OF SILLOTH, A LEFT-HANDED GOLFER.

2. MAKER OF AN INCOMPLETE RETURN: MISS TEACHER BUNKERED BEFORE THE TENTH.
3. MAKER OF A TOTAL OF 171: MISS G. RAVENSCROFT, OF BROMBOROUGH, DRIVING.

The best score in the morning round was returned by Miss Cecilia Leitch and Miss May Leitch, each of whom totalled 84. In the second round Miss May Leitch's card was 82, and Miss Cecilia Leitch's, 84. The event took place on the Bushey Hall course.—[Photographs by Monique Dixon.]

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 In the Name of the People. A. W. Marchmont. 6s.
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 Bluff's Guide to the Bar. Hilary Bluff. 2s. 6d. net.
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"HILDA LESSWAYS."

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT has redeemed his promise to the readers of "Clayhanger" that he would explain what seemed inexplicable in Hilda Lessways' character and career ("Hilda Lessways," Methuen.). The result makes an old and banal saying alive with meaning: we do, in fact, read Hilda Lessways like a book! The art is the same that produced "Clayhanger," though the art of Hilda's story, whether one prefers it or not to Edwin's, has grown in consciousness and accomplishment. It is a pretty piece of work, to have made Hilda's fate spring naturally and grow inevitably from that random gibe of her mother's, as they jangled in the Bennetian parlour—"I suppose her Ladyship will be consulting her own lawyer next." Her Ladyship did, and that shrine behind wire blinds bearing the name, "Q. Karkeek, Solicitor," should have been on the steep of Delphi rather than in Market Square for its dramatic significance. It seems a poor thing to say of a portrait on which Mr. Bennett has lavished his store of intuition and observation, that it is interesting; but that, at the end, is how one thinks of Hilda. Assuredly anti-Latin by temperament, she might have sprung from some decadent Viking race, strong and passionate, yet dreamy and reflective as modern minor poetry. She may derive something from certain famous Norwegian "garden-rooms," and a namesake who lived for thrills. The quite startling thing about her is her intense savour of life. When she seized the chance of clerkship to the new newspaper, her author writes; "She accepted the idea of it as a nun accepts the sacred wafer, in ecstasy." She accepted life in precisely that way. "Even in her unhappiness she was blest. She savoured her unhappiness, she drank it down passionately, as though it were the very water of life—which it was. She lived to the utmost in every moment. The recondite romance of existence was not hidden from her." How often one reads that of her—that "she savoured with pleasure the pain of the situation, clasping it to her!" And the same exultation in her strength: "I shall have to go through it, and I shall go through it. A wonderful freshness like that of an obscure goddess condemned to share humanity in the morning of existence, and "liking it all" is the final impression. George Cannon, the incredible husband, is a rogue after Mr. Bennett's own pen. The French strain helps to make him a very attractive one. Several incidents of the "Clayhanger" story are retold, but from Hilda's standpoint, which is an ingenious bit of construction. All of us who treasure our Balzac will be grateful for the literary corner Mr. Bennett is making for himself in English middle-class life. And as regards criticism of life generally, it is easy to find many things as intuitive as this concerning the relations of Hilda and her mother: "The domestic existence of unmated women together, though it is full of secret exasperations, also has its hours of charm—a charm honed, perverse, and unique."

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.



**The Lucknow
Dinner.**

sufficed for the men who, fifty-four years ago, fought under Henry Lawrence in the defence, or marched to the rescue under Outram and Havelock. This dinner always brings with it a reminder of the great deeds that a few handfuls of white men did against the revolting Sepoys; and the wish of every soldier, and, indeed, of every Briton, is that the gallant nine may meet together for many years to come, and drink in silence to the memory of their gallant commanders in those days of stress and bravery.

The "Liberté" Catastrophe. The sympathy of a maritime nation such as we are

is given whole-heartedly to France, our friend, in the hour of her mourning for the loss of the men killed when the *Liberté* blew up. The first thought of many of us when such a catastrophe occurs is that some enemy must have done the deed. But the lesson of the *Maine* comes as a second and a better thought. The United States plunged into her war with Spain because the country believed that Spanish treachery had sunk the war-ship, and the battle-cry of the Americans was "Remember the *Maine*"; but this year the recovery of the hull of the ship has shown that the explosion occurred from inside. So also it was when the *Iena* blew up, also at Toulon, four years ago. The Anarchists were believed to have introduced an infernal machine into the bunkers of the ship, until experiments proved that the "B" powder that the ship carried could ignite by spontaneous combustion under certain conditions. Since then, extraordinary precautions have been taken, not only on the French war-ships, but on our own, to keep high explosives of only recent manufacture—for age adds to the danger—and also to keep them cool. The powder on the *Liberté* was of comparatively recent date, and the ship had been fitted with refrigerating apparatus to keep the magazines cool. If the inquiry to be held proves that there is a danger which had not been

The guests at the Lucknow Dinner this year numbered nine only, and a very small table in one of the salons of the Whitehall Rooms

discovered in the method of storing explosives, we shall have again to see that that danger is guarded against in our ships of war.

Nowhere to Live. A bitter cry arises from all the Home Counties of rural England that there are not enough cottages in the villages for the villagers, and the landlords who would be willing to build cottages complain, on their side, that regulations prevent them from putting up cottages by which they could obtain a reasonable interest for the money expended. I can speak with personal knowledge as to one little village in the southern counties. In that village there are no fewer than six couples waiting to be married who have to postpone indefinitely the happy day because there is not a single cottage available for newly married people. All kinds of cottages which are really not fit to be inhabited have occupants, but the cheapest new cottage on modern lines that has been built lately in the village cost £225, whereas the rents the villagers are able to pay are, at the highest, £7 a year. The rage for week-end cottages has something to say for the scarcity of houses for the poor people in rural England. A lady or a man buys a labourer's cottage and makes such additions to it as will turn it into a pretty little week-end residence; but, as a consequence, one more family of the tillers of the soil have to look for a roof to cover their heads.

If the bitter cry of the peasants is persistent enough, the authorities may be induced to give willing landlords a chance of benefiting their poorer neighbours without being unreasonably out of pocket by doing so.



THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION: MR. A. R. F. KINGSCOTE.

In the final of the Gentlemen's Open Singles for the South of England Championship, played at Eastbourne last week, Mr. A. R. F. Kingscote beat Mr. S. N. Doust by three sets to two. Mr. Doust won the first two sets, and the match was a hard-fought one. Mr. Kingscote is not yet twenty-three.—[Photograph by G. and R. Lavis.]

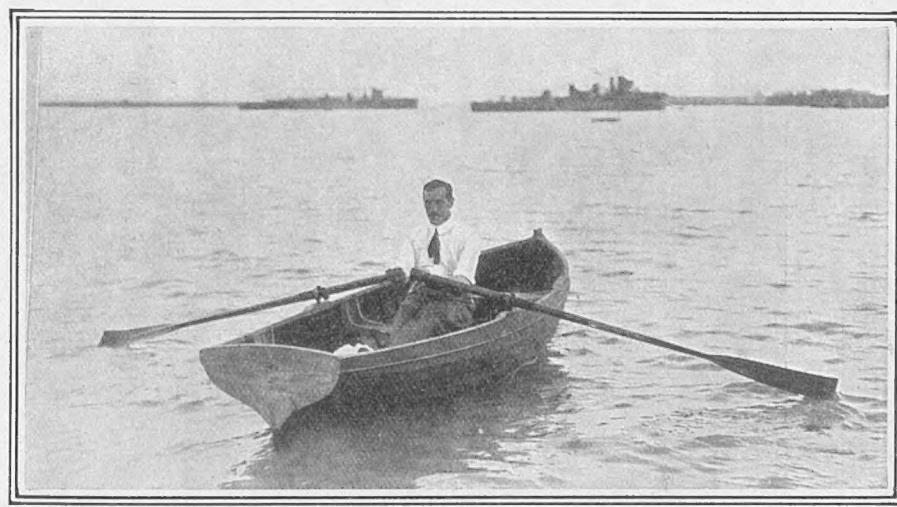
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THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS LADY CHAMPION: MRS. LARCOMBE.

Mrs. Larcombe won the Ladies' Singles at Eastbourne without losing a set, defeating Miss D. Boothby. As Miss Thomson, Mrs. Larcombe had played in previous tournaments at Eastbourne, but this was her first victory in the Singles. With Miss A. M. Morton, she also won the Ladies' Doubles, beating Miss D. Boothby and Mrs. McNair.

Photograph by G. and R. Lavis.

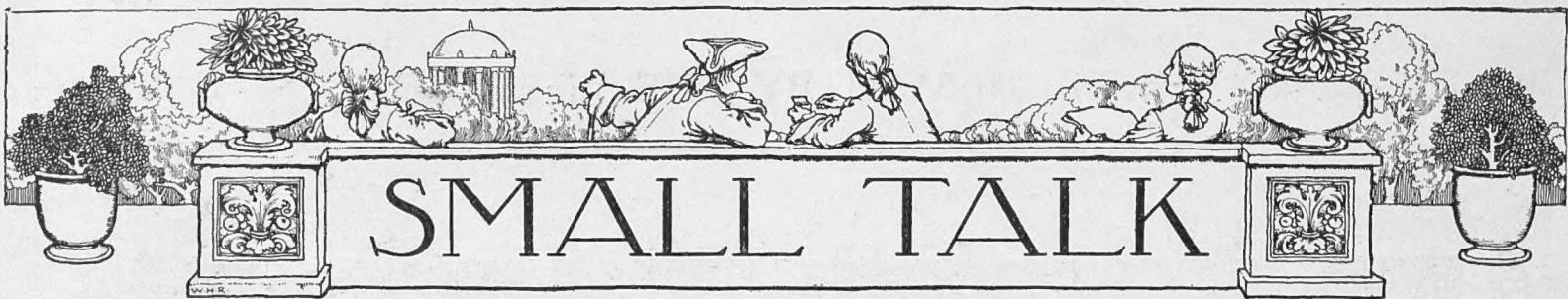


GUY MANNERING PERFORMS A "ROB ROY" FEAT: THE FIRST OARSMAN TO SCULL ACROSS THE CHANNEL AND BACK IN ONE JOURNEY.

Mr. Guy Mannering, who is the son of Mr. Edward Mannering, of Lundy House, Dover, recently sculled across the Channel from Dover to Sangatte and back, the first time the double feat has been accomplished. The whole voyage took 12 hours 35 minutes. The sculler was piloted by the coxswain of the Dover life-boat, Mr. Thomas Brockman, who accompanied him in a motor-launch. Mr. Guy Mannering's feat recalls those of the late Mr. J. MacGregor in his canoe named after another Scott hero, "Rob Roy."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

in Roman times a place of great importance, and even now it contains undamaged the great triumphal arch of white marble begun in the days of Antoninus and finished in those of Marcus Aurelius. The city marks the northern terminus of three historical caravan routes. The desert comes almost up to it, and away in the interior is the vast stony table-land of the Red Hammada, a terrible waterless plateau. Men who have yachted along the Tripoli coast, and who have made friends with the Turkish officials there, have told me of the curious Turkish method of occupation. They found troops there who had not received pay for many years, and who had become cultivators of the land, while retaining to some extent their military character. Whether, when the Young Turks came into power, these military settlers were rallied into something like discipline and were paid I do not know; but Turkey has during the past months been feeding her garrisons in Tripoli, and as a Turkish soldier can live on a few dates and a gourd of water, and will fight, and fight well, so long as he has ammunition, the Italians, should war by this time have broken out, will have no easy task in the conquest of this Turkish province. Both the French and ourselves, who, in Algiers and Egypt, are neighbours to Tripoli, will have to be on the alert to see that sparks blown from any blaze of war between Italians and Turks do not set alight Mohammedan fanaticism in territory garrisoned by French and British troops.



THE Duke of Norfolk has more church organs to his credit than he cares to count. His subscriptions have headed so many lists, and indirectly kept so many musicians from idleness, that he may well, in his humility, hold himself responsible for their false notes as well as their true. Some such feeling, perhaps, is behind the offer he now makes of a scholarship to the Brighton School of Music. There is something singularly unselfish in this charity, since the Duke himself is no lover of the art. Nay, but he has a kindness for one musician and one instrument! The violin leaves him cold; he is dutiful to the trumpet only when he is on the veldt; and the piano he neither plays nor likes to listen to. His instrument is the street organ, his merry musician the man who grinds it.

Afternoon-Tea Bands. Another very distinguished Peer, who says that music of any sort gives on his nerves, has nevertheless quite a reputation for a love of yet another popular manifestation of the art.

Everybody declares he is devoted to bands! The rumour, like so many of its sort, had a rather unexpected origin. In a great country-house one afternoon the hostess addressed to the unmusical one the alternative: "Tea or brandy-and-soda?" Before he could reply, a firm voice—it was that of his wife—answered for him across the room: "Tea, my dear." "Oh, bands!" cried the condemned man; "bands for me!" The hostess, being a woman of ready wit, understood the code, after a moment; and always now, in mentioning *b* and *s* to this

TO MARRY CAPTAIN STAPLETON: MISS MAUD ELLEN WROTTESLEY.

Miss Wrottesley is a daughter of the late Major A. E. Wrottesley, and granddaughter of the late Hon. Edward Wrottesley. Her mother is a daughter of Major-General Alfred Wilkes Drayson, R.A. Captain Stapleton is in the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

particular guest, pronounces it as one syllable instead of three.

Sailed for Sydney. Now on his way home to Sydney, Sydney's Lord Mayor, the Hon. Thomas Hughes, has none but the pleasantest recollections of the visit to England he has just ended. Dating from the Coronation, it has been rather a prolonged experience for the Chief Magistrate of that pleasant



A FAMOUS SOCIETY HOSTESS WHO IS PRODUCING "PENELOPE" FOR CHARITY.

MRS. WILLIE JAMES.

Mrs. Willie James and her friends are giving two performances of "Penelope" at the Ealing Theatre on the 6th, at 3 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., in aid of the new Ealing Hospital and the local branch of the League of Mercy. Princess Christian and Princess Alexander of Teck are giving their support. Tickets may be had of Mr. F. L. Phillips, The Mall, Ealing. Mrs. Willie James also arranged to give "Penelope" in Edinburgh last Saturday.—[Photo, Speaight.]

author of "The New Machiavelli," mastering the steering-gear. "Most people, judging from the reviews," answered Zangwill, "would say, 'All's well that ends Wells.'"

The Old-Age Fable.

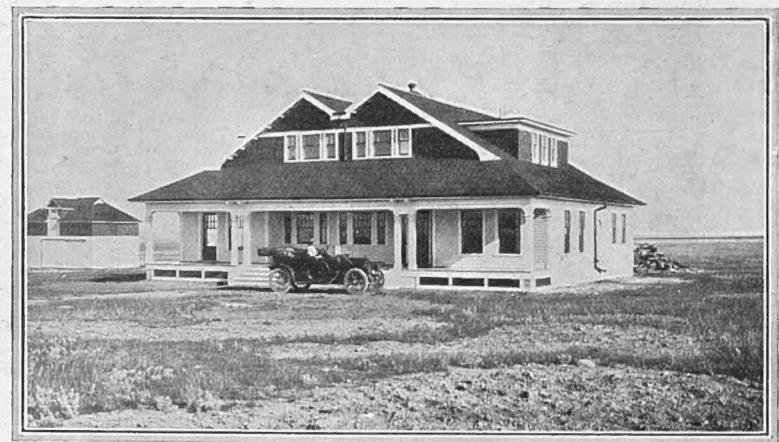
Of all the veteran marriages of the last year none has had an effect so rejuvenating as Lord Cadogan's. In Chelsea he had become during his widowerhood something of a hermit. Today he is indefatigable as host or guest. From Lord and Lady Savile's party at Rufford Abbey he and the Countess returned to Culford Hall in time to receive a troop of friends for Newmarket. But Lord Cadogan is not alone: Lord Suffield and his bride elected to spend their honeymoon well within reach of "the invitation of the road." Lady Suffield is not behind in energy, and if she refuses with indignation the suggestion of a trailer, it is not because Lord Suffield is unwilling.

WIFE OF THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO PORTUGAL: LADY HARDINGE.

Lady Hardinge, who married Sir Arthur Hardinge in 1899, is a daughter of the late Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis. She has one son and one daughter. Sir Arthur Hardinge has just been transferred from Brussels to Lisbon, exchanging posts with Sir Francis Villiers.

Photograph by Lafayette.

LESS IMPOSING THAN THE GATES OF DUNROBIN: THE ENTRANCE TO THE DUCAL MANSION AT BROOKS, ALBERTA.



THE GERM OF A DUKERIES IN CANADA? THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S NEW HOUSE AT BROOKS, ALBERTA.

Under the spur of Lloyd-Georgian legislation there is a tendency among dukes and other landowners, some to part with their ancestral estates in this country, others to seek territory in the more untrammeled spaces of the Empire. Among the latter, the Duke of Sutherland has acquired lands at Brooks, in Alberta, on the Irrigation Block of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There the railway company has built for him, at a cost of £2000, the picturesque house shown in our photograph. The entrance to the grounds is at present of a more simple character than that of the Duke's residence in Sutherlandshire, Dunrobin Castle. It, in fact, consists merely of an opening in a barbed wire fence.

Photographs supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE (PAULINE) CHASE OF MAN BY THE LIFE-FORCE IN WOMAN.
 "MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE CRITERION.



1. THE MOTOR-CAR THAT CAN'T GO AS FAST AS MR. TANNER CAN TALK: 'ENRY STRAKER, THE CHAUFFEUR (MR. EDMUND GWENN), JOHN TANNER (MR. ROBERT LORAIN), ANN WHITEFIELD (MISS PAULINE CHASE) IN THE CAR, AND OCTAVIUS (MR. ION SWINLEY) BESIDE IT.
 2. "NOW LOOK HERE, ANN. THIS TIME YOU'VE LANDED YOURSELF": JOHN TELLS ANN BLUNTLY THAT SHE IS AN INCORRIGIBLE LIAR.

The main motif of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," just revived with brilliant success by Mr. Robert Loraine at the Criterion, is the hunting of man by woman under the impulse of the "life-force." When John Tanner eventually falls a victim to the remorseless pursuit of Ann Whitefield, after repelling her advances with the bluntest candour, he exclaims "I love you. The Life-Force enchains me." To Octavius he has said: "You think that you are Ann's suitor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued . . . Fool, it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry." Our photographs illustrate the motor-car scene in Act II., where Ann manœuvres to accompany John in a ride. The hero's talking capacities are neatly summed up by the chauffeur, 'Enry Straker, once more inimitably played by Mr. Edmund Gwenn. "Garn!" he says. "I wish I had a car that would go as fast as you can talk, Mr. Tanner."



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



THREE hours after their marriage a Fulham couple were taken up for fighting in the high road. The prosaic authorities should have recognised that the newly wedded pair were only trying to be Happy though Married.

"Charwomen go mad twice as often as cooks or housemaids," says a report. And unofficial report says that mistresses go mad twice as often as charwomen.

Mr. Sharman has invented a telephone with which you can speak through the sea. This will be mighty handy, if you get out of your depth when swimming the Channel, for ringing up a long-shoreman with a boat.

A French dramatic author has had to have a number of his plays disinfected. This might have seemed another example of adaptation for the proper London stage, were it not for the fact that the plays in question had just been rescued from a rubbish-heap.

People become intoxicated, says a lecturer, because they do not know how to drink. It needs a lot of practice to learn how to carry your liquor.



From New York we learn of a "heavy liquidation in Coppers." Has the police force melted away owing to the recent heat wave?

"La Gioconda" has been stolen, but a portrait of the King of Spain by Titian has been discovered in Edinburgh. It is in this way that the Old Masters are always redressing the balance in their favour to the detriment of modern painters.

HOLLA, BOYS, HOLLA!

(The Guy Fawkes of our childhood is going out of fashion, and the festival seems in danger of being gradually forgotten.)

Where is the Guy that I used to know
In the dead Novembers of long ago—
With a painted mask on a lantern jaw,
And a pitiful chest stuffed out with straw?
A figure compact of tatters and rags,
Crushed in the wreck of a chair he sat,
With a sinful coat and unholly bags,
And a top-knot crowned with a scarecrow's hat.

Silent, too, are those sons of noise,
The once articulate Bonfire Boys,
The acolytes and the devotees
Of Guy's traditional obsequies.
But chiefly I mourn for that ancient friend,
Who rode like Haman stuck up on high,
And came to an equally stormy end:
The good old Fifth of November Guy!

More postal facilities. After Mr. Hamel and the aero post, we can now send Christmas-cards to the South Pole until the 21st of this month. It was a kindly thought on the part of the G.P.O. to allow us to cheer up the lonely old Pole with a friendly greeting. But what about the North Pole? Is there to be no Christmas-pudding for him?



The Rev. W. M. Partridge, of Marblehead, Mass., has discovered that kite-flying is a cure for headache. A Marblehead man might almost venture to try an aeroplane.

THE HUES OF AUTUMN.

(According to the *Evening News*, the young bloods this autumn will sport gaudy handkerchiefs decorated with grinning devils.)



Percy in the summer time transfixed us with amaze,
His vesture in the sunlight made a great and gorgeous blaze;
In fact he was responsible, there's not the slightest doubt,
For the unaccustomed heat-wave and the long-protracted drought.
The almanacks record it as a scientific fact
That, owing to his "neck-wear," thermometers were cracked;
While his socks' resplendent colouring indubitably made
The record in September reach one hundred in the shade.

But Percy this October, when he's regularly dressed,
Will in barbarous magnificence surpass his previous best.
His socks and ties will glitter in the Oriental style,
But his handkerchiefs are warranted to make a blind man smile.
They are coloured red and yellow, of a crude and awful hue,
And adorned with grinning devils, sometimes green and sometimes blue.
You'd better wear smoked glasses if you ever chance to meet
Percy in his glory coming down the street.

Sir James Donaldson says that had not Mr. Carnegie retired from business when he did, he would now be possessed of something like two hundred million sovereigns. Suffering Moses! What an escape from Free Libraries we have had!

Listen to this, now. "The processes of combustion and respiration consume oxygen and liberate carbon dioxide and aqueous vapour. The incalculable combustion of coal and oil is gradually restoring to the atmosphere the hitherto confined carbon dioxide, which, when free, produced a mild climate the world over, and

will probably again create the same meteorological conditions of heat and moisture that existed during the Tertiary period." There! Say that over seven times, and use some of it the next time you want to say that the chimney is smoking.



This week's recipe for long life: "Work hard and eat heartily." Bother hard work and the century! Eat heartily and be a Jubilee.

"The German woman when travelling seems to regard it as urgently necessary to dress herself as tastelessly as possible," says a Berlin paper. Why "travelling"?

Canny Yorkshiremen are going to harness the tides and make them do the work of the world. And high time, too. For countless ages the tides have been fussing up and down pretending to be busy, and doing nothing all the time. But look sharp, Yorkshire! We are all going on strike in about ten minutes, and we shall want someone at the mill.



⊕ ⊕ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! ⊕ ⊕



IN HIS BIRTHDAY SUIT: A MASAI GENTLEMAN WALKING, NAKED AND UNASHAMED, ON A UGANDA RAILWAY STATION.



MUCH MARRIED: AN OVAMBO CHIEF WITH HIS EIGHTEEN WIVES.

The natives of British East Africa are not afflicted by the social problems involved in such questions as "Is the nude rude?" In spite of the remonstrances of people who are, even there, influenced by the far-off personality of Mrs. Grundy, many of them persist in turning up in public places, such as stations on the Uganda Railway, in what have been euphemistically termed their "birthday suits." In German South-West Africa the same state of things prevails, as is indicated by the above photograph of a much-married Ovambo chief, surrounded by his eighteen wives.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"The Marionettes." Of course, we are very glad to see Sir John Hare back again. In fact, we are so glad that we can forgive a great deal to the play that brings him back, even though it does not provide him with very much to do. But plays—even when they give us Sir John Hare—ought to be careful not to put too great a strain upon our powers of belief. I am not saying that "The Marionettes" will not be a popular success, for it has a straightforward plot leading up to one strong scene of the kind which always rouses enthusiasm; and audiences have short memories, and if they are entertained in the present, do not bother about the fact that other audiences have been entertained in a similar way in the past. But a modern author shirks his duty when he is content to take a plot which is musty with the cobwebs of age, and makes no attempt to brush a single cobweb away. It would be hard to say who first invented the story of the ill-dressed, clumsy wife who wins her husband's love by dressing gorgeously, becoming a highly coloured butterfly, and indulging in a flirtation with another man. It has been presented time after time in various guises: treated sometimes seriously, sometimes humorously, and sometimes with a freshness or an ingenuity which has made it almost new. Possibly there was lightness or freshness or humour in M. Pierre Wolff's telling of the story in the original French; but if we are to judge the play by Miss Gladys Unger's adaptation—and Miss Unger has in other cases proved herself a skilful adapter—M. Wolff has given us the baldest and most unenterprising version of it which could well be imagined. Everything happens precisely according to rule: all the parties are mere stage figures doing as they are told; and we are led by all the conventional steps to that happy ending which with but half an eye we can see to be really only a wretched beginning. We have no faith in the husband who only loves his wife because he sees her in an evening frock cut particularly low. But, as I have said, there is always the perfect acting of Sir John Hare to help us to forget;

Mr. C. M. Lowe also, in a secondary part, is the ideal friend of the family; and Miss Marie Löhr, when she is not trying to be extravagantly gay, shows that she has in her the makings of a serious actress.

"The Miniature." Mr. Walter Frith, in a curtain-raiser produced at the St. James's, also makes heavy demands upon our powers of belief when he shows us a man who loved the wife of his best friend, went away to avoid compromising her, travelled rapidly to the dogs, came back as an Em-bankment loafer to obtain money from her after she had become a widow, and stole a valuable miniature from her drawing-room table. Great, too, is the value of coincidence when the policeman summoned by himself to arrest him is the very policeman who, two

days before, was not quite honest in the matter of a sovereign picked up in the street; but the little play is written with distinction and redeemed by a piece of really fine nervous and restrained acting on the part of Mr. Arthur Royston. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, too, is gracefully sympathetic as the lady, and Mr. Weguelin a very human policeman.

"Bonita." The latest effort at comic opera has been condemned as amateurish, but that does not do it justice. It is too long, and the second Act straggles—a fault which is very common even in the most professional work—but it is easy to understand why Mr. Granville Barker thought it worth producing. There is a graceful humour and a sense of burlesque about Mr. Wadham Peacock's dialogue which I found very refreshing: he makes fun of villains and heroes and heroines in a quiet, literary way, which is continuously amusing, and he manages to keep the whole thing on just the right plane of paradoxical absurdity. Mr. Fraser-Simson, too, has written some very attractive choral work and a waltz which is really graceful; and though not so happy in his setting of the songs, his orchestration is often ingenious and original. The funny men—notably, Mr. Lionel Mackinder and Mr. Charles Maude—are not too extravagant, and enter into the spirit of burlesque; and Miss Clara Evelyn sings the heroine's songs very prettily. But the most notable thing is the scenery, which is strikingly beautiful—no wings, but a plain blue background with white houses in the first act, and the pillars of a ruined temple in the second thrown boldly against it; and the chorus is handled with an originality which does credit to Mr. Barker's art as a stage-manager.

"Man and Superman." Mr. Loraine's first venture in management at the Criterion begins brilliantly. He has made the part of John Tanner his own in America; and his version of it, though it differs from Mr. Barker's, is, in its way, a really fine performance. He has, too, Mr. Gwenn, the original

'Enry Straker, and Miss Florence Haydon, the original Mrs. Whitehead, both perfect character-studies, beautifully acted and delicious in their quiet, unforced humour; and Mr. Ion Swinley shows great promise as the young and tearful Octavius. The experiment of putting the part of Ann in the hands of Miss Pauline Chase was curious and interesting, but hardly successful: she wore very pretty frocks, and looked very nice, but the task of showing the life-force of nature in pursuit of its victim was



IN THE PORTUGAL OF THE STAGE—AND OF ACTUALITY: MISS CLARA EVELYN AS BONITA AND MR. WALTER WHEATLEY AS LIEUTENANT ARTHUR MANNERTON IN "BONITA," AT THE QUEEN'S.



A PORTUGUESE ROMANCE IN CHARMING SETTING: ABOVE THE HARBOUR, IN "BONITA," AT THE QUEEN'S. The new comic opera, "Bonita," is set in Portugal. It is a romance by Mr. Wadham Peacock, with music by Mr. Harold Fraser-Simson. The chief figures in the photograph (from left to right) are (in the foreground) Mr. Lionel Mackinder as Frederico (on the steps), Mr. Walter Wheatley as Lieutenant Arthur Mannerton, Mr. Fred Volpé as Thomaz, Miss Clara Evelyn as Bonita (on a higher level); Mr. Charles Maude as Joaquim; and (seated) Miss Edith Clegg as Perpetua.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

far beyond anything in the vocabulary of her art. But though sadly hampered in this, the stream of wit and philosophy and criticism was not checked; and I hope Mr. Loraine will be able to withdraw the announcement that the play is only put on for a short run.

CLOSE SEASON SHOOTING: DUMMY FLESH, FOWL—AND DUELLIST.



1. QUARRY WHICH DESCRIBES A CURVE IN THE AIR: A BIRD IN FLIGHT IMITATED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE "GUN."

2. TO BE CAUGHT, BUT NOT COOKED! THE CARDBOARD HARE, WITH LIFE-LIKE MOVEMENTS SUPPLIED BY HAND-MANIPULATED MACHINERY.

3. AIDS IN TEACHING THE DUELLIST TO FACE HIS MAN: FIGURES USED FOR PISTOL-PRACTICE.

The uses of the shooting-school and the value of targets which resemble in shape and movement that flesh and fowl which the "gun" sets forth to shoot are obvious. Less usual to British eyes are the dummy men set up that possible duellists may obtain adequate pistol-practice, without having to secure it by "insulting" and by receiving seconds.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



TO MARRY CAPTAIN FRANCIS H. ROMILLY: MISS JEANNIE AUSTIN S. MELVILLE.

Miss Melville is the younger daughter of Sir George Melville and Lady Melville. Captain Romilly, who is in the Leicestershire Regiment, is the younger son of the late Captain F. J. Romilly, R.E., and Mrs. Romilly, of Crookham.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

board in the person of Sub-Lieutenant H. C. Legge. His Majesty has other good friends on board—the able seamen.

The Lure of London. Lord and Lady Inverclyde, with a detachment of daughters, arrived last week from Scotland; and Lord and Lady Granard, whose friends must remember three addresses—in London, in America, in Ireland—to keep in touch with them, came last week to Halkin Street from—Paris, in the wake of Sarah! The great Frenchwoman, along with Mr. Bernard Shaw's double dramatic event and the début of Miss Pauline Chase in a Shavian part, give a handsome start to the season, but neither actress nor dramatist is powerful enough to fill the town. A good chef and a great playwright have, they say, about equal magnetic force to draw the world into the cities, but the altar is stronger than either stage or stove. And long before a big wedding, Bond Street and its jewel-shops are invaded by the wedding-guests. London is already half-full, and the clubs are beginning to feel the pressure on the luncheon-tables. Strangers from the Carlton, still impregnable in wet paint, give the Junior Carlton across the road quite

A PART altogether from his fondness for the ocean, King George will be singularly at home on the *Medina*. Sir Colin Keppel is her Captain; her Lieutenants include the Hon. C. A. Colville, whose grandfather was as well known to his Majesty as is the present Lord Colville; the Hon. Humphrey Legge, a son of Lord Dartmouth; and the Hon. R. O. B. Bridgeman, a son of Lord Bradford, and a descendant of Kings' favourites even from the days of Charles II., whose love for Sir Orlando Bridgeman failed only when Sir Orlando reproved him for extravagance. The hereditary principle flourishes exceedingly at sea. It is actually at work in the cabins of the *Medina*, for the Hon. Humphrey Legge has a younger relative on

of houses, linked by the family occasion, are pulling up their blinds in several quarters. But not till the third week of the month do the greater matrimonial events come off. Earl Percy and Lady Helen Gordon Lennox provide the star "turn" of the month at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. And the marriage of Miss Ure, the Lord Advocate's daughter, with Mr. J. J. Readman, of the Royal Scots Greys, will, on the previous day, be equally important, but on a smaller scale, in Edinburgh. The wedding will be interesting as an occasion marked by an absence of the "Ure another" methods of political warfare.

"*Tu-tu-loo!*" A marriage interesting to Londoners, although the groom is German and the bride Rumanian, has been arranged between



TO MARRY MR. ALGERNON HYDE VILLIERS ON THE 4TH: MISS BEATRIX PAUL.

Miss Beatrix Paul is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paul. Mr. Algernon Hyde Villiers is the youngest son of the Hon. Sir Francis Hyde Villiers and Lady Villiers. The wedding is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

Count Werner Wolff Metternich (nephew of the German Ambassador) and Mlle. Lætitia Rascano. Many of the Count's English friends will seek out Ploesti on the map, to discover if they may attend the wedding with reasonable ease; and really Rumania is not much more inaccessible than some places within Great Britain. What, for instance, of the trysting-place sought by Mr. Ingleby, who came from Ceylon to marry Miss Daisy Bray at Looe, Cornwall, last week? It is told of Looe that once a couple—perhaps just such strangers as Mr. Ingleby and his best man—hurried into a London ticket booking-office and called through the hole, in voices high with haste, "Two to Looe." "Pip, pip!" sang back the booking-clerk, not to be outdone, and slammed the shutter.

"*Motor Carson.*" "Somebody has to go" is a phrase much in vogue just now in the smoking-rooms where Unionists meet and discuss their leaders. "Somebody" does not mean "nobody" in this

sentence—which, being, in truth, a sentence of exile, has a delicacy about making the actual mention of the name. And then if "somebody" goes, who is to step into his shoes—nearly the biggest shoes, actually and metaphorically, in the House of Commons? Mr. Bonar Law has the majority of supporters, if one may judge by after-dinner pronouncements; but those who consider the Ulster campaign only in the light of its being a help or a hindrance to Sir Edward Carson in his hot race with Sir Robert Finlay for the Lord Chancellorship, should the Unionists get into office again, might be surprised to hear how many mentions are made of Sir Edward as a possible fighting leader of the party, to whom it would be wasteful to give the sack—the Woolsack! On the other hand, one of his old colleagues thus sums up the situation with a shake of the head: "The coach of State, if it is not to be upset, should move slowly; but Sir Edward goes the pace—he is a *motor-Carson*."



TO MARRY MR. BERTRAM PETRE ON THE 5TH: MISS RUTH SEYMOUR. Miss Ruth Seymour is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Seymour, and granddaughter of the fifth Marquess of Hertford. Her mother is a daughter of the third Earl Fortescue. Mr. Bertram Petre is the younger son of the late Mr. Edward Petre, and of Lady Gwendoline Petre.

Photograph by Gabbett.

TO BE MARRIED ON THE 4TH: MR. FRANCIS CLERKE AND MISS ALBINIA M. EVANS-LOMBE.

Mr. Francis Clerke is the eldest son of Sir William F. Clerke, Bt., of Mertyn Hall, Flintshire. Miss Evans-Lombe is the elder daughter of Mr. Evans-Lombe, of Bylaugh Park and Thirkhorne, Norfolk. The wedding is to be at St. Remigius' Church, Hethersett.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MR. PERCY WILLOUGHBY PARKINSON ON THE 4TH: MISS FLORA GWENLLIAN FORREST. Miss Forrest is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Forrest, of Calderhead, Lanarkshire, and step-daughter of Mrs. Robert Forrest, of New Court, Marlow. Her marriage to Mr. Percy W. Parkinson, of Selangor, F.M.S., is to take place at St. Andrews, Wells Street.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

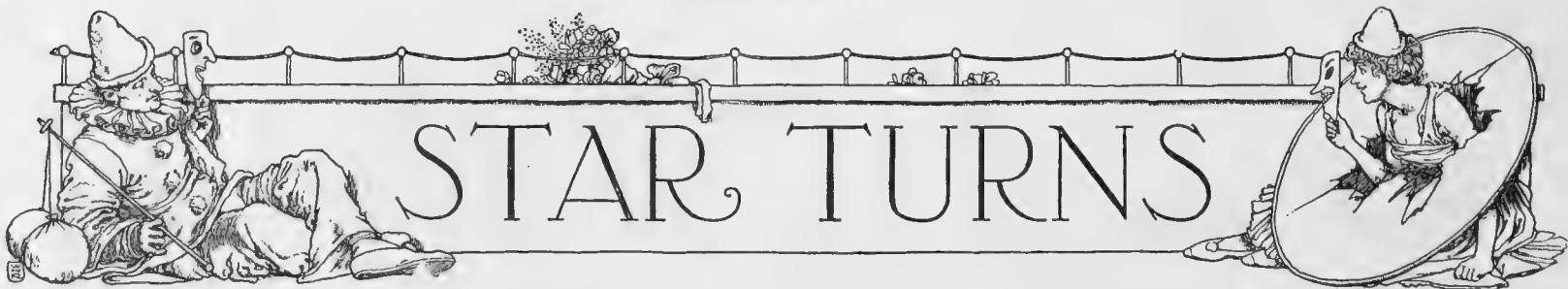
Marriage Bells. Indeed, there are already weddings enough to sprinkle Mayfair with inhabitants. Little rings

THE FAIR MONTHS OF THE YEAR: OCTOBER.



"NO SPRING OR SUMMER'S BEAUTY 'HATH' SUCH GRACE
AS I HAVE SEEN IN ONE AUTUMNAL FACE."

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.



MR. HYMACK; AND HIS MECHANICAL CLOTHES.

IF ever a man deserved the success which he has assuredly won, that man is Mr. Hymack. Unceasing experiments extending over months, and even years, to make the seemingly impossible possible, followed by failure after failure in the working of the intricate mechanism which enables him to make collars, ties, cuffs, and handkerchiefs appear in place of those he has discarded, only spurred him to perfect the apparatus.

To attempt to trace this greatly popular and unique "Star Turn," which evokes so much applause at the Empire, back to its germ idea would not be so difficult as to follow it through its many phases of evolution. Beginning his professional life by acting in Corn Exchanges and Town Halls, Mr. Hymack eventually was engaged by such well-known people as Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Charles Frohman. Under the management of the latter he played the Cockney burglar in "Sherlock Holmes," both in America and in the revival of that play at the Duke of York's with Mr. William Gillette.

It was while acting in America that he first conceived the idea of his "act." One afternoon he was at a music-hall with a friend. An actor was doing a monologue. Mr. Hymack turned to his companion and said, "Wouldn't it be fine if that chap could change his gloves, and if he had a lot of different neckties flying about?" When he got home he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Hymack, and they talked over various methods by which they thought it could be done. After their American tour they returned to London, and Mr. Hymack decided to go on the music-hall stage. In thinking of an original "turn," he determined to see if the quick-changing of gloves could be worked practically. Hour after hour he and Mrs.

Hymack worked together making those gloves. Then they took to working out the changing of cuffs, and of the different sorts of canes which used to figure in Mr. Hymack's previous sketch with the pump.

When the gloves, cuffs, and the canes were got into working order Mr. Hymack persuaded a dramatic agent to see him make the changes. "It mystifies me," said the agent; "there's one thing, however, you must do. You must have different colours for your gloves, instead of all grey, or the audience will think they're all the same." The dyeing of the gloves was an easy matter, and through the agent's services a private rehearsal was arranged with a music-hall manager. This led to a trial matinée. Unfortunately, some of the intricate mechanism failed, and the curtain came down on what seemed to Mr. Hymack a dismal fiasco. In the dressing-room, one of the artists, who had seen part of the performance, asked how the trial had gone. "Just well enough," Mr. Hymack replied, "to make me go home and break up the whole thing." "Don't be a fool," said the artist, in a friendly tone; "go home and work at your gloves. They'll make your show."

With Mrs. Hymack, Mr. Hymack left the hall in a four-wheeler and a despondent frame of mind.

AT THE PALACE AFTER HER SUCCESSES IN THE UNITED STATES: MISS JEAN AYLWIN. Miss Aylwin, who became so popular at the Gaiety, has been meeting with much success in the United States. She is now back in London, and was appearing at the Palace last week, giving some of her Scottish songs, to the evident pleasure of the audience.—[Photograph by Hall.]

Suddenly the friendly artist's words filled him with hope, and he amazed his wife by breaking a long silence with "This thing shall succeed." He next tried his act in entertainments at workmen's

clubs. There the sketch certainly went better, and he kept at it for three weeks, getting the machinery to work with greater precision all the time. At length, he got the show booked for a week at a suburban hall. At the first performance, through nervousness, Mr. Hymack did not "go" well, with the result that the management did not take up the option it had secured for his services.

Weeks went by before he could get another engagement. He determined that, even if he worked in booths, "free-and-easies" — anywhere — he would do the turn in public until he had overcome his nervousness and was able to do himself justice. To this end he gave a private performance for an agent, who booked him for Coventry. The turn was the success of the bill, and from that time he never looked backward.

The appearance of collars, ties, handkerchiefs, and cuffs from nowhere looks exceedingly easy when seen from the auditorium. The method of making them appear is, however, in reality an exceedingly intricate matter, and means great ingenuity and inventive genius on the part of Mr. Hymack and the mechanic — an inventor's model-maker — whom he employs.

It took the model-maker nearly a year to do his share. Then Mr. Hymack began experimenting to see how and where the collar could be hidden, and how it could be made to spring up without the edge cutting his neck. Six months went by before he was able to do this. Even then there was no certainty in the matter, for after going right for a couple of weeks the machinery would suddenly go wrong, and he would have to begin experimenting all over again. The same thing happened with the ties, the cuffs, and the handkerchiefs, while the hat which lengthens and shortens without any apparent human intervention took two years to perfect. So, too, did the apparatus for changing the bands on the hat.

Anyone who imagines that, when the mechanical part of the apparatus is completed, Mr. Hymack's work is done is greatly mistaken. The quick change he makes from the dark morning suit to the frock-coat suit of light grey took eighteen months of daily rehearsal, and on the eve of the day he was going to do it for the first time in public something went wrong with it and he had to begin over again.

Even the putting on of the clothes is a labour in itself, for when they are all prepared it takes him an hour and a half to get into them. Even now, perfect as the whole thing is, if one particular accident were to happen it would prevent any more changes being made. After every performance Mr. Hymack goes over every part of his clothing with a magnifying-glass in order to be sure that it is perfectly correct. Although the springs in these clothes are so numerous and heavy that a man can only carry them in a bag with difficulty, and so closely packed together that a bullet could not penetrate them, yet so little do they alter the appearance of the garments that Mr. Hymack has, before now, worn them in the street. They in no way resemble the garments of the illusionist or conjurer, for the act has nothing in common with the mysteries practised by those gentlemen. Though originally made by a first-rate tailor, they are all made over again by himself and Mrs. Hymack, as it would never do to let people into the secret of the mechanism, and his mechanism is so elaborate that after the clothes have been worn at one performance it takes three hours to get them ready for the next.



ON TOUR IN THE LEADING PART IN
"THE QUAKER GIRL": MISS ALICE
POLLARD AS PRUDENCE.

Photograph by Langfier.



The Poetic Dog! No. IX.—The Sealy Ham Terrier.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



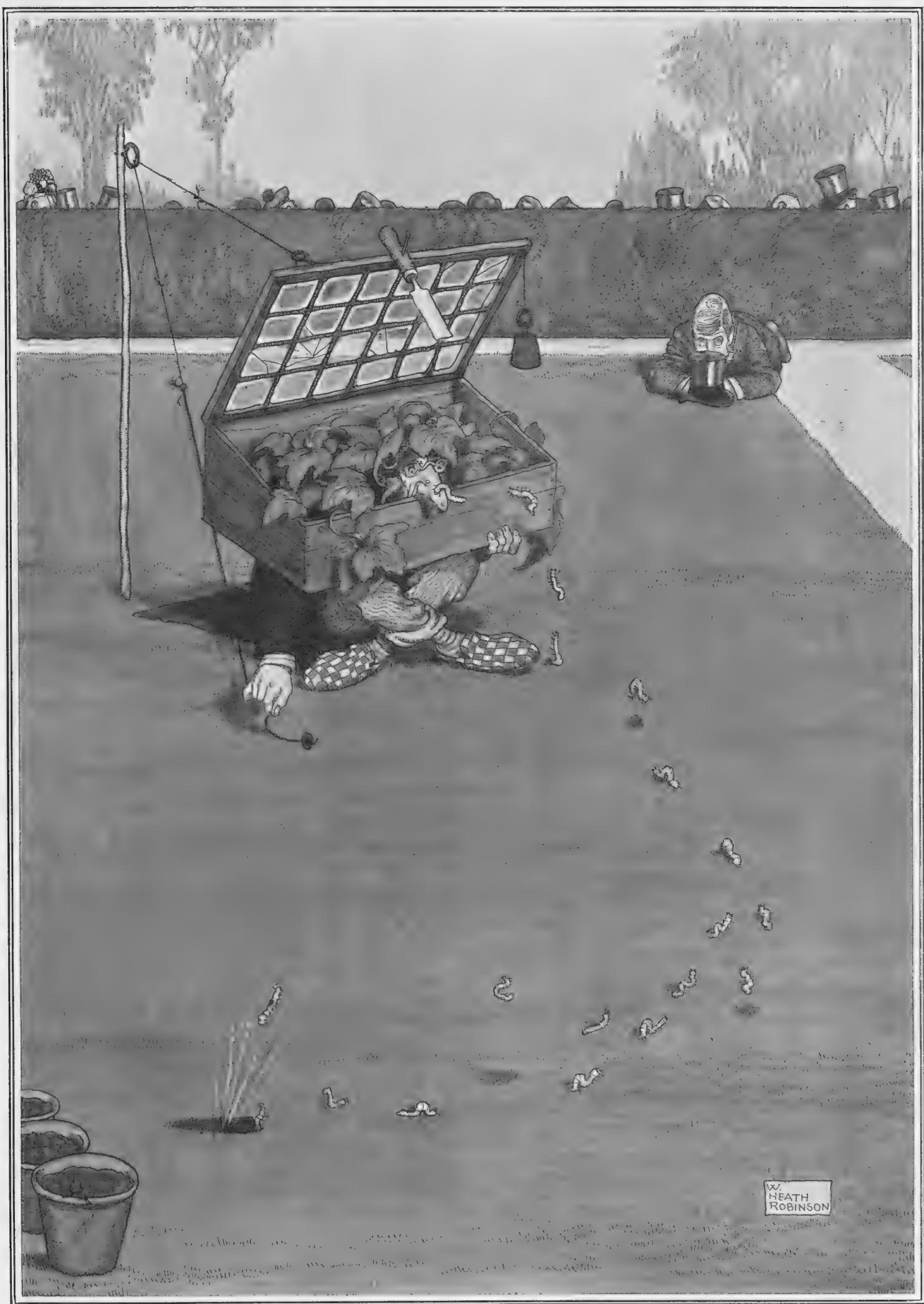
“HIS ZEAL NONE SECONDED, AS OUT OF SEASON JUDGED, OR SINGULAR AND RASH.”—Milton.

REEL TROUBLE.



THE BOATMAN: Keep yer rod up, man, or you'll lose him.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

A Garden Guide: Horticultural Hints.

I.—TRAPPING THE CUCUMBER MAGGOT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



EXIT SAILS: ENTER STEAM.*

ONE of the few literary allusions which Sir Edward Seymour permits himself in his memoirs is from "Rasselas." The Prince, after hearing Imlac's list of qualifications required for a real poet, remarked: "Thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet." "One might say so of a naval officer," adds the Admiral, "if a really complete knowledge of all branches of his profession were necessary." His list is as formidable as Imlac's. The naval officer "must be, first, a seaman and a navigator, then very much of an artillerist and an infantry soldier, to which he should add a knowledge of naval construction, electricity as applied to all ship's uses, and the telegraph; of torpedoes, both motive and stationary; of all forms of signalling; of international law and of foreign tongues—at least French, being that of diplomacy; to these add an engineer's proficiency."

And yet, in the distant 'fifties of last century, little Edward Seymour, aged twelve, presented himself at the old Naval College, Portsmouth, after a few weeks spent with a "crammer," and satisfied the powers there with his arithmetic, including "the rule of three" (no fractions) and his writing to dictation of twenty lines from the *Spectator*. From that ordeal he passed as naval cadet to H.M.S. *Encounter*, just commissioned, "and the first thing the First Lieutenant said to me was, 'You will take charge of the signals of this ship,' of which I, of course, knew nothing." As a midshipman he remembered "how utterly youngsters were disregarded and neglected as to their instruction or care of any sort. . . . Of my messmates in that ship (the *Cruizer*, carrying ten midshipmen) three at least were turned out of the Service, and only one besides myself ever became a Commander."

But those were days!—the Channel Fleet all sailing vessels, and the *Encounter*, Admiral Seymour's first ship, "the smartest ship aloft with her spars and sails that I ever sailed in." In

many pages there breathes profound regret for "the winged sea-girt citadel . . . the delights of seamanship in the good old sailing days, and, indeed, of yachting on a grand scale. . . . The excitement of tacking the ship was delightful. She [H.M.S. *Pique*, on the Chinese Station] had been over four years in commission with a fine ship's company, and things 'flew' on board her; and for a boy to command nearly a hundred men, who rushed about at his order, was a proud position. Even work aloft was exciting; at the order 'Reef topsails,' for instance, with a strong breeze, the ship heeling over fifteen degrees or more, and the weather rigging as taut as a harp-string—to run up it followed by a crowd of top men was splendid." Excellent as are the Sandow, Swedish, or other exercises for mere physical development, and better for that purpose than were the masts and sails, nothing, in Admiral Seymour's opinion, can replace their value for the individual sailor. "I believe no modern naval officer can conceive the excitement and emulation evoked generally in all ships that pretended to be 'smart' by general exercise aloft." And as to

beauty—like a true sailor with a born instinct for authorities, he refers us to the Royal Academy.

Our author must have been the despair of many interviewers. Between an often-expressed fear of egotism and a rigid policy of silence upon any familiar place or event, his reticence becomes tantalising. He gives some lightning flashes of the many interesting figures of his world: Hiram Maxim, with his laconic tributes to his own gun; the courteous Lesseps giving breakfast-parties, and the maddened, suspicious Lesseps refusing all information; Sir Richard and Lady Burton, "both most industrious in writing pamphlets about various subjects"; Sir Bartle Frere, "that charming and able and ill-used man with whom I stayed in Cape Town," and many others. Even Sarah Bernhardt figures

in the index, by virtue of her landing in the hotel in San Francisco, "usually covered with presents from her admirers—floral gifts, of course, but also wild animals of sorts, luckily in cages."

One of the best of his entertaining stories is in connection with his black poodle "Toby." A Vice-Consul's wife at whose house he visited made much of Toby, and one morning, as the *Inflexible* steamed into Corfu, her maid ran to her room exclaiming, "Oh, madame, madame, le bâtiment de Toby est arrivé!" "Different people view things differently. That was her view of what we thought the most powerful ship in our Navy."

"In the year 1873, when I was made a Captain, and for several years before and afterwards, officers of that rank were almost always on half-pay for five years before they got a ship." Not so bad a thing, then, Admiral Seymour thinks, as it would be now, when "ships get out of fashion nearly as quickly as ladies' hats." He considers periods of half-pay as opportunities for travel and social knowledge, when officers may learn that the quarter-deck is not the world.

Those who do not know how much divinity does hedge the person of an obscure officer on that quarter-deck will scarcely guess, from his own unaffected narrative, at the honour and homage which so distinguished a one as Sir Edward would command. Nor from his own account will they sufficiently appreciate his achievements unless they read between his reservations. That gallant spirit which rejoices in war because it is the occasion for courage and endurance—the best tradition of our Navy—he is quite unable to suppress. It persists and intrudes in his whole career.

Though living greatly in London—the best residence, he thinks, for an officer anxious for success in his career—he spent much time in France, and strongly advises the study of languages for all officers. Flogging he much prefers to imprisonment as punishment for many offences. And that chiefly for the men's sake, as he explains. He has seen men ruined by a long term of imprisonment who would under the old system have been flogged, and no more said about it; neither they nor their families any the worse. His hero, the great St. Vincent, would undoubtedly have had much contempt for the modern "humane" (?) methods by which "discipline is preserved"!



DOES THE KILT MAKE FOR GRACE? PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE COWING OF THE FARMER.



MOLLY (*holiday-making in the country*) : I say, Mr. Hoats, do you mind if I ask a question ?

THE FARMER : No, my dear, what is it ?

MOLLY : What I want to know is, when you've finished milking that cow, how do you turn it off ?



IX.—THE MYSTERY OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL.

I HAD been spending a week in the country, and during my stay I had been taken to see a farmhouse which, many years ago, was the scene of a sensational crime.

At eight o'clock one Sunday evening the farmer and his family were all at church, and the only person left in the house was the farmer's sister, an elderly maiden-lady.

Before the service concluded the farmer was fetched out of church. A near neighbour had called at the farm to leave a message and found the front door of the house open, and on entering had discovered the body of the old lady lying in the passage.

She had been killed and the house had been robbed.

Suspicion fastened upon a young man named William Parsons, who had at one time been employed by the farmer. Parsons had got into bad company, had been convicted of horse-stealing, and had served a short term of imprisonment.

Parsons, who had been released, had been seen in the village a few days before the crime was committed, but had expressed his intention of going into some part where he was not known to try and get employment.

Neither on the Saturday nor on the day of the crime had he been seen about, but the police, after a careful investigation of the circumstances, came to the conclusion that Parsons was the guilty man, and a hue and cry was raised for him all over the country, but with no result.

Years passed on and the crime had almost been forgotten, when one night in a small town in another part of England a man was seen by a policeman leaning against a wall. The man appeared to be in a destitute condition, and the policeman asked him what he was doing there.

"No harm," replied the man, "but I am glad you have come along. I want to give myself up. My name is William Parsons, and eleven years ago I murdered an old lady in a farmhouse."

The constable thought it was one of the usual sham confessions, but he took the man to the superintendent. To the superintendent the tramp repeated his story and gave fuller details. A telegram was sent, and the farmer and the inspector who had had charge of the farmhouse case came to the town, saw the self-accused man, and identified him as William Parsons. Parsons was tried at the next assizes, found guilty, and executed.

The part of the story in which I was particularly interested was that which revealed the manner in which a murderer without money, for whom there had been a hue and cry all over the land, had succeeded in baffling every effort to get upon his track.

He had enlisted a few days after the murder and had gone to India with his regiment. From India he was invalidated home. Soon after he had landed in England he committed a robbery and was sent to prison. After his discharge he went on the tramp, and shortly afterwards gave himself up for the crime which he had committed eleven years previously.

The first time I met Inspector Chance I discussed the case with him.

"The enlistment was a good idea," said the Inspector, "and the man was pretty safe while he was in India. Discharged from the army and compelled to lead a wandering existence, he was in a certain amount of danger, and he probably committed the robbery for the purpose of being put in prison. He would be pretty safe there. It is quite a common thing for men who are wanted for a serious offence to commit a minor one in order to get the regular living and the comparative privacy of one of his Majesty's jails."

"In one of the most interesting cases I have been connected with, we had been for two years vainly endeavouring to solve a mystery, when at last, by the merest accident, we found the clue in a convict cell."

"And was the interesting discovery due to chance?" I asked.

"Absolutely," replied the Inspector.

THE BAPTIST CHAPEL.

I urged my friend to give me the details, and before we parted the Inspector had told me the story of "The Mystery of the Baptist Chapel."

"About eleven o'clock one dark winter's night, a police-constable was discovered lying on the pavement outside a Baptist Chapel in a street in the north of London. He had been shot through the head and in the arm, and a bullet had lodged in his truncheon-case.

"Lying on the pavement, not far away from the body, was a hard round hat. The police, from certain indications, at once came to the conclusion that the constable had surprised a burglar attempting to break into the chapel, had attempted to arrest him, and that the burglar had escaped by shooting his captor.

"The chapel was surrounded by a low wall, and there were indications that this wall had been recently climbed. The chapel window was found unfastened, but, singularly enough, it had been unfastened from the inside. Scattered about below the window were some of the burglar's implements: two chisels, a wedge such as is used by cabinet-makers, and a small lantern. The round hat, the bullets, and the tools were all the clues to the identity of the criminal that the police were able to secure.

"No one had seen the murder closely. It was rather a foggy night, and the street at that time was a quiet one. An old lady leaving her home in the neighbourhood had passed by and heard a shot fired. She had been so terrified that she had rushed home and locked herself in her house. A young woman going to fetch the supper beer had seen two men struggling and heard the report of the pistol-shot. She rushed off at once to the police-station and gave information.

"No witness of the struggle could give us any particulars as to the murderer's appearance; but a day or two after we had a hand-bill out all over London, and that hand-bill announced a reward of £200 for information which would lead to the arrest of a man about 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, who was last seen wearing a dark overcoat and light trousers and a hard round hat, and had a slight moustache.

"How did we get that description, since no one had seen the assailant of the constable clearly enough to give it to us?

"It was a chance shot. An hour before the murder a police-constable on the beat and a detective saw a young man of whom this was a fair description hanging about by the chapel. When they came near him he walked away. The officer made up his mind that this young man had been waiting about to see the road clear before he got over the chapel wall, and that the hard round hat picked up near the murdered constable's body was the hat that he had seen on the head of that young man. That was all the foundation we had for the description issued with the offer of a reward for £200.

"It did not serve its purpose, for no genuine information as to a young man answering that description was given. As a matter of fact, it was too vague, for we learned long afterwards that the murderer had actually passed a station on which the bills were placarded. He had passed the bills offering £200 to secure his arrest on a charge of murder in company with a young lady who had herself been a worshipper in the Baptist chapel. She was his sweetheart, but utterly ignorant of his way of living, and it was their wedding-day.

"But none of these things were known when I was first put on to the case to assist the officers already engaged in it. All the material we had to go upon consisted of the two chisels, the lantern, the cabinet-maker's wedge, and the three bullets, and for over a year all of them remained utterly valueless to us as clues.

"The Baptist Chapel Mystery was as great a mystery eighteen months after the murder as it was the day after, and then chance

[Continued overleaf.]

FORCE OF HABIT.



THE DEADHEAD AT THE DOOR OF PARADISE: Er—could you oblige me with a couple of seats?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

came to our assistance and made a double score as a factor in criminal investigation.

"By the merest accident the bullets and one of the chisels that led us nowhere for eighteen months put us on the direct road to the discovery of the assassin. One of the chisels had a lot of scratches on it, and we had come to the conclusion that among the scratches there were some which, looked at carefully, might make the letters 'Rac.' But they were so crossed and recrossed that they might really have been the accidental result of the various scratches.

"In one of the cabinet-makers' shops we had visited to make inquiries there was a young man who had displayed considerable interest in the matter, and examined the chisel very carefully. He was interested in crime and a great reader of sensational detective stories.

"More than a year after the murder he left the shop where he had been employed and got a situation in another district. One day he wanted some tools sharpened, and he ascertained that there was a shop kept by an old lady quite close.

"The young cabinet-maker took his tools to the shop and handed them to the old lady who was behind the counter, saying what he wanted done. The old lady said 'All right,' and picked up a small implement from the counter.

"What's your name?" said the old lady.

"Willett," he replied, and then she began to scratch on the blade with one of the tools.

"What are you doing?" said the young man.

"Scratching your name so that I shall know what tools to give you when you come for them."

"She handed him back his chisel. He looked at it and saw that the blade had 'Will' scratched upon it.

"Instantly the scratched chisel in the Baptist Chapel crime came to the young man's memory.

"With his mind full of the idea, the young cabinet-maker hurried to the police-station and told the Inspector what had happened. That afternoon, the Inspector called at the shop with the chisel in his pocket and showed it to the old lady.

"Has that chisel ever been through your hands?" he asked.

"The old lady looked at it. 'Oh, yes; that's my scratching,' she said, and she pointed to the 'Rac.'

"Do you remember who the owner of it was?" asked the Inspector. The old lady thought for a moment, and then she said that she did remember.

"It was a man with rather a peculiar name, and the first half of it had been sufficient. The man's name was 'Raclaw.'

"When the Inspector brought the news to the Criminal Investigation Department, we knew that we had something tangible to go upon at last.

"We had to begin our inquiries over again and to endeavour to get upon the traces of a young man named Raclaw.

"In a public house not far from the chapel we learned from the landlord that a young man of that name had been in the habit, round about the period of the crime, of using his house in company with two other young men. He had heard him spoken of by them as Tom Raclaw.

"Since the night of the murder he had not seen either of the three young men, who up to then had used his house almost nightly.

"The identity of Raclaw's companions was not hard to fix. Both of them had been through the hands of the police, and one, a man named Martin, was at that time serving a short term of imprisonment in Coldbath Fields.

"So far there was no absolute proof that Raclaw was the man we wanted. Only one man was struggling with the constable, only one man was concerned in the murder. It was possible that one of Raclaw's companions might have borrowed the chisel of its owner, intending to break into the chapel.

"One of my colleagues went to the prison and had an interview with Martin. The prisoner was not at first inclined to talk. But there are many ways in which a convict's tongue can be set in motion, and one of them was tried with complete success.

"At the time of the murder Martin and another man were in a public-house. Tom Raclaw had left them there, saying he had a job on. They guessed what sort of a job it was because he had his 'tools' and a pistol with him. Questioned about the pistol, Martin told a curious story.

"Raclaw had seen an advertisement in a newspaper. A gentleman had a pistol which he wanted to sell cheap. Raclaw

said he would go to the address and see what it was like. Martin went with him. The pistol was purchased, with twenty-five cartridges, for ten shillings.

"After he had bought it Raclaw wanted to try it, so we went to Tottenham Marshes," said Martin, "and Tom fired at a tree, the one nearest the railway bridge, and after firing two or three shots he said it was all right."

"This was an important statement, and when it was reported to the Yard an order was at once obtained for the man Martin to accompany us to the Marshes and show us the tree.

"Early in the morning, when no one was about, I and two of my colleagues met the convict by the railway bridge and he at once pointed out the tree. After examining the tree carefully we had the good fortune to find two bullets embedded in the trunk.

"We had the bullets taken from the body of the murdered constable with us. The bullets in our possession and the bullets we had taken out of the tree on Tottenham Marshes were exactly of the same calibre.

"The only task left us was to find Raclaw. I turned to Martin for information. 'When did you see Raclaw last?' I said. 'Yesterday afternoon,' was the reply.

"You had better give a straight answer, my lad," I rejoined, "or it may be a serious matter for you."

"I am giving a straight answer," said the convict with a grin. "I saw him yesterday afternoon in the exercise-yard. He is doing twelve months over a job at Highbury."

"The man we had induced to split upon his pal had spoken the truth. The man for whom we had searched for eighteen months was safe between the four walls of a London jail.

"We found the gentleman who had sold the pistol and his wife. Both of them were present when the purchase was made. They were taken to Coldbath Fields, a number of prisoners were paraded, and they at once picked out Raclaw as the young man who had paid the ten shillings and taken the weapon and the twenty-five cartridges away.

"Once having found our man, it was not difficult to ascertain his movements on the night of the crime. We found that he had been lodging with a relative. The Raclaws were a respectable family, and the relative, made acquainted with the seriousness of the charge, gave us the information we asked for.

"Some time after midnight on the night of the crime Raclaw had returned to his lodging without his hat and with the knees of his trousers torn. The relative asked him what had happened, and he said he had been having a fight.

"We were certain now that we had our man, but the bullets from the tree on Tottenham Marshes and the chisel with the identification-marks on it were the silent witnesses who at the Old Bailey settled the fate of Tom Raclaw, cabinet-maker by day and burglar by night.

"But for the chance visit of a young cabinet-maker to the toolshop, near his new situation, eighteen months after the murder, the bullets might still be in the tree and the chisel lying in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, an interesting memento of an unsolved mystery of crime.

"The *Times*, after the verdict had been delivered, had a leading article on the case. The great newspaper commented upon the remarkable way in which the chain of evidence had been completed link by link, and the text of the article was 'Murder Will Out.'

"I take off my hat to chance," I said, with a smile, as the Inspector finished his story; "but what about the chapel window having been opened from the inside? I thought that was going to lead to something, and it did not."

"Oh, yes, it did. When we were piecing the evidence together, we ascertained that on the evening of the crime Raclaw had attended a service in the chapel, and he himself had taken an opportunity of undoing the fastening of the window, so that he might get in easily.

"He was a regular attendant at the chapel, and it was then that he got the idea that the Communion plate was kept on the premises—as a matter of fact, it was not—and it was to steal the Communion plate that he had planned the burglary, taking with him the tools of his trade and the ten-shilling pistol which were afterwards to bring him to the gallows.

"As time went on, Tom Raclaw thought that he had baffled the skill of Scotland Yard. And to a certain extent he had. But he had not reckoned with the important part so frequently played in criminal investigation by Detective-Inspector 'Chance.'

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The Season of Surrender.

Is it not wonderful—no, perhaps it is not wonderful to us who understand; but still, most interesting—to observe how the great people of all lands one by one give themselves up to golf—surrender to it, as we seem to imagine, after some strong resistance to its attractions during long periods of their lives? Some day you may hear of a case of a dear old gentleman, told gently by his doctors that all things have an end, and life among them, who has had a set of clubs delivered to his bedside; and when the nurse's back was turned, putted for the first, and perhaps the last, time upon the carpet of his room, and so he would die a golfer after all. Autumn is the great period of the year for conversion to the game. Few people begin to play for the first time at the beginning of the year; not many more when the birds begin to sing on the leafing trees. It is in the autumn, when they find what they have missed during the summer through their golfless ways, and when at last they have been persuaded by a kind friend to abandon their stupid obstinacy of resistance, that the ritual of the initiation to the game has most often to be performed; and on every links that I visit now I observe the beginners in good numbers. There is as much variety among them as among golfers of established experience; but I have noticed that a good proportion of the initiates are persons of some eminence or standing in their respective walks of life, and there have been constant reports in the papers recently of most distinguished people who were beginning the game.

The Elders Start.

Then I have gathered a suspicion in recent times that more men and women advancing quite far on in life are starting golf than used to be the case, and within my own experience lately I have encountered two gentlemen each over seventy years of age who have begun this season and are now a nuisance to their friends with their enthusiasm and their constant explanations of the new ideas that they have been thinking out. Joy be with them in their new happiness! I have been counselled that for the credit of the game as a strong, manly sport I ought not to give publicity to such matters, as I always do; but what are the odds if some foolish scoffers do say that this is "an old man's game"? All of us who play it know the real truth—that there are two games: one for the lusty, athletic sportsmen,

and Madame Bernhardt too?

What a little child, then, is Mme. Bernhardt compared with these brave bloods, and child the more for her youthfulness of heart! And I read in the paper the other day that she had just determined to take up golf! May the kind spirits of the game attend her efforts if her determination goes on, and whisper in her ear that a grandfather once won the amateur championship! Let the *voix d'or* rarely be brought to angry declamation on the links! But have we no misgivings upon this announcement? In general, we find



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA GOLFING: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT DRIVING ON THE GULLANE LINKS.

His Royal Highness is due to start for Canada on the 7th.

Photograph by Jan Smith.

that artists of great strength of soul—those in whom the artistic temperament is most highly developed—are less easily fascinated with the game than others. They manage to preserve a certain detachment from it. Mme. Bernhardt is the most splendid, most magnificent in this temperament; but, then, her enthusiasms are so fierce. Her case, if she were less exalted, would be one for surrender to the game. Sir Herbert Tree once used to call himself a golfer, and has sung the praises of the game. Some pretended fear at that period for our future Shakespearean entertainment, but expressed relief on hearing a story of how he and a certain person of literary eminence went out to play, but after a few holes sat down beneath a hedge to haggle out some problem about the moods of Hamlet, or something of that kind. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but it had the appearance and detail of truth. How can we spare one spark of emotion let fly upon the links, needing as we do the whole pent-up furnace for Theodora when the moment comes for the despatch of unhappy Marcellus?

The Artistic Temperament. Without a doubt golf is seriously exhausting to the emotions unless that unusual detachment can be absolutely preserved.

So, while I am glad that Mme. Bernhardt becomes a golfer, I pray that she will give it up soon after initiation. Students of the psychology of the game, ruminating upon this matter, may be led on to quite another consideration: is the artistic temperament—or let us express it as the very fine, nervous temperament which is closely akin to it—good for the game? At the first impulse most people will answer "No"; but the true reply is—"Within limits, yes." There are many exceptions; but some of the very greatest golfers have had, and have, highly strung nervous temperaments which have helped them on to their most dazzling displays. Young Tommy Morris had; Harry Vardon has; J. H. Taylor has; George Duncan has; Harry—the greatest champion—is the finest example. The great player with the phlegmatic temperament may be steadier, more dependable to produce his best game nearly always; but he seldom rises to the heights of genius as some of these other men do. These make perplexing problems.



CADDIES? ONE OF THE GIRL CADDIES OF THE THURINGEN GOLF LINKS.

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia is seen driving.

and the other for those of gentler and more easy-going ways. So I tell the septuagenarians of the foursome that was played at Westward Ho! some five or six years since by four players, each of whom was over eighty, one being old enough to be a septuagenarian's father.



A SAD SHOOTING AFFAIR.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

BACK and away again. Back from France and away from London, and very sorry to be here at all. "Here" is a desolation of grey and brown—two colours with which I never had any patience, and it's also called the moors. No wonder Walter Scottish people died so often. They were all suffering from

moorhypochoneurasthenia. And I have got it too. Those who were not murdered were murdering others; that is, those who had not already committed suicide or expired in dungeons. There is something sinister about moors. They contain all the tragedy of continuity.

We are staying at Aunt Barbara's. How is it that notably disagreeable females can make such perfect hostesses? My aunt is a perfect hostess. If you met her anywhere else but at her house you would wonder how can sociable hostility come so near rudeness without actually becoming it. But at home she compensates for her behaviour at other people's.

My aunt is like some tweed fur-lined coat—rough and drab outside; soft, warm, and enveloping inside. She is one of those old-fashioned hostesses at whose house "liberty" has not yet replaced comfort. You are not allowed to spread your fads about, but neither are you bothered by the fads of other people.

This world is full of wonders for naïve minds like mine. I have been asking myself—apropos of my aunt—why it is most people are nicer to casual visitors than to those who continually live with them. It would be more easy and natural the other way. I am always at my best with persons and animals I know well. I am more caressing to my own puss than to stray cats who come to pay her their respects. You never know behind which ear they prefer to be tickled. However, my aunt performs hospitality well and thoroughly, as she does all things; but I am very disappointed in the shooting. Shooting is all right as a background, but the men here seem to consider it as a duty to be got through—something one is paid to do. They look fiercely conscientious about it. The all-charming Mme. de Sévigné wrote that "Mowing is to frivol about in a meadow." Well, shooting should be to frivol about in the heather with gallant guns, to walk in the dew in amusing big boots, have sprigs of briar picked for you, and nibble *chocolats fourrés*. That is how I conceive shooting; but it's not that, or I have been very unlucky in our shooting party. To begin with, I was the only woman to be out with the guns, and fun is greatly diminished when there is no rivalry; and then the men themselves did not enthuse much about my coming. Even Austen suggested that I should not come out in the damp because "of your dear little throat"; but I was not to be choked off like that. Besides, the women were all quite middle-aged, and what the Americans are courteous enough to call "homely," which is far too beautiful a word for a plain face. Being then homely and ancient, the women were sure to make me expiate for both. I know my own sex so well and I went with the other. But I feel very sore

over that shooting affair. Everything went wrong—the kind of wrong which is not agreeable. The keeper did not like me. Yet I was most polite and nice to him and called him Monsieur le Garde, knowing that the lower your status the higher your dignity. You may be off-hand with a Duke, but never with a keeper. It is read—in the memoirs of music-hall stars—that Dukes really relish being treated with contemptuous, if jovial, familiarity. In spite of my amiability, that particular keeper—he must be very particular indeed—was not to be gained over. He actually went so far as to suggest in my hearing that "the young lady should not laugh." Why shouldn't I laugh? "Well, you see, dear," said my husband, "it is very sweet, of course, to hear you laugh; but it frightens the birds."

"Tut, tut! On the contrary, birds are very canny creatures; if I laugh, they know I mean no harm. We had a canary bird once, and he—"

"Hush, dear, not so loud—they'll hear you."

"Never mind who hears; it was not to be a *risquée* story this time; besides, I came here to amuse myself, and not to stalk in silence, like an assassin. I wish I had never come at all; and my feet are so cold!"

Would you believe it, my husband, instead of cajoling me, said I ought to wear "sensible stockings." That was the last straw. It shows he does not love me any more. He takes no longer any pride in my feet and ankles. Ah, what a misfortune, *mon Dieu!* "Sensible stockings"! Of course, that means abominable stuff



FORMERLY MISS ELEANOR SOURAY: VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON.

Viscountess Torrington, formerly well known as Miss Eleanor Souray, was married last year. Her husband, who is the ninth Viscount and twenty-five, succeeded to the title when he was three. For four years he was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria and to King Edward VII. His seat is Yotes Court, Mereworth, Kent.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



PAINTER OF ROYALTIES AND OF MANY SOCIETY PEOPLE: MR. PHILIP A. LASZLO.

Mr. Philip A. Laszlo, M.V.O. (of last year's creation), was born at Budapest in 1869. His association with this country is not confined to art interests and habitat, for he is married to a daughter of the late Mr. H. Guinness, of Burton Hall, Stillorgan, co. Dublin. He studied at Budapest, at Munich, and in Paris—at Julian's under Benjamin Constant and Lefebvre. He is known by so many excellent portraits that it is impossible in so short a space to give anything like a full list of his works—but his King Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, German Emperor and Empress, German Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Theodore Roosevelt and Pope Leo XIII. may be mentioned. In addition to the M.V.O. he can number among his decorations those of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Austro-Hungarian Order of the Iron Crown, Orders of Art and Science from the Grand Duke of Hesse and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Order of the White Falcon, Chevalier of the Order of Pius IX., the Order of the Prussian Crown, and Commander of the Order of Jesus Christ of Portugal.—[Photograph by Velicoguer.]

Beastly game, shooting, really! You are not even allowed to walk where you choose, and yet there is space enough, God knows, on the moors. When we come back, we find the women in a bad temper through having been together all day, and the evenings are just macabre; only the men are too tired to dance—they are even sleepy, which is the worst thing men could possibly be.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Motors and the Durbar.

Assuredly the Royal Durbar at Delhi will owe much to motor-cars. We have already read of the large fleet of "Standard" cars which is now in course of dispatch to Bombay and Calcutta for employment in both those cities, and in Delhi and Nepal. In addition to the requisitions of the Government of India, the Maharajah Sir Chandra Shun Shere of Nepal will make use of a number of these cars in connection with the great shoot he will offer his Imperial Majesty in his distant country. In order to make the transport of the beaters a comparatively simple matter, the Maharajah has caused no less than thirty miles of new road to be constructed for this purpose. At Delhi thirty square miles of road-surfaces are to be tarred, and for this measure of dust-prevention the Durbarists must thank the motor-car. In Lord Curzon's day the fearful dust-storms went far to mar the functions.

Dunlop Directions to Delhi.

But apart altogether from the cars that are being sent out for official use, it is clear that many motorists are expected to make the journey from Bombay to Delhi by road, a distance of about 1000 miles. Otherwise the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company would hardly have gone to the trouble and expense of publishing a most complete and interesting guide to the route, with sectional maps covering the suggested journey for each of the eight days that it is proposed shall be taken for the trip. All that is worthy of attention and inspection en route is dealt with in an interesting, chatty manner, while the fullest advice is given as to halts at dak-bungalows and the depots where petrol and other stores can be obtained. The writer of the guide has quite recently made the Bombay-Delhi-Calcutta trip of 1700 miles, so that every item of information is from practical experience and right up to date.

Down the Grand Trunk Road. Although the interesting work discussed above deals cartographically only with the Bombay-Delhi route, the author suggests that those who wish to see more of India after leaving Delhi should betake them to the Grand Trunk Road, taking in Cawnpore and Allahabad, and including Benares, the city visited by the immortal Mulvaney in the palanquin won in fair fight by the muscular Learoyd. Then by Hazarabaga, Dumri, and Burdwan to Calcutta. The Grand Trunk Road is said to be all that can be desired, save that at times the traffic may be found troublesome. The writer of the pamphlet is clearly keen on motoring in India, for he says, "If English motorists, who are harried by police-traps, only knew of the joy of motoring in India, where such devices are unknown, the country would be more largely availed of for this purpose." English

motorists need have no fear in regard to a tour through India; there is, no doubt, some "unrest, but the touring motorist will meet no trace of this. The great bulk of the people have nothing but friendly feelings towards the British Raj"—Mr. Keir Hardie notwithstanding.

As Clubs Should Do!

The action of the Kent Automobile Club in the matter of inconsiderate driving at Farnborough is greatly to be commended. When, two years ago, the Farnborough Parish Council decided to apply for a speed-limit through their pretty village, they were approached by the Kent

A.C. on the subject, and by dint of suasion were induced to relinquish their appeal on condition that the Kent Club would erect two notice-boards bearing a slowing-down requisition. For a time, the effect of these boards was distinctly felt; but the meddlesomeness of another association, coupled with several complaints, have again moved the Farnborough Parish Council to action. Again, however, the representations of the Kent Club have prevailed, and the Council have agreed to hold their hands if the K.A.C. will issue a warning notice through the Press as to driving slowly through the village. It

is to give publicity to this request that I refer to the matter here, and I am glad to note that the Kent A.C., who are watching the spot with a jealous eye, will not hesitate to prosecute those who disregard the very reasonable request set out on the boards. To slow down to fourteen or fifteen miles per hour through this village is necessary, and no hardship.

To-Day at Brooklands. This afternoon, at 2 p.m., the first race of the October Meeting at Brooklands will be started. It will take the form of the Autumn Private Competitors' Handicap, for which there are five entries. The other motor-car events are the second 100 Miles per Hour Long Handicap, and the *piece de resistance* of the afternoon—the 15·9-h.p. rating Standard Car Race, for which the following cars are entered: Mr. S. G. Cumming's 15·9-h.p. S.C.A.R., Mr. H. F. Hodges' 15·9-h.p. Iris, two 15·9-h.p. Sunbeams entered by Mr. L. Coatalen, Mr. G. H. Wood's 15·6-h.p. Crossley, Mr. H. Boissy's 12·1-h.p. Peugeot, Mr. Fletcher's 15·7-h.p. Calthorpe, and Mr. H. M. Boroden's 13·9-h.p. Vivinus. The appearance of the Crossley in this event will attract particular notice, for it will be remembered that it was this car which travelled so fast in the early part



BEAUTY AND THE CAR: MISS ELSIE JANIS, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN COMEDY ACTRESS, AND HER 26-H.P. METALLURGIQUE.



MOTORING IN ADAM AND EVE'S REFUGE: A 50-H.P. WOLSELEY IN THE FAMOUS RAMBODA PASS, CEYLON.

Mohammedan legend has it that Ceylon was the refuge provided for Adam and Eve after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. The car shown, a 50-h.p. six-cylinder torpedo—is specially equipped for long tours in Eastern countries. The Ramboda Pass is exceptionally steep and rough, and contains a number of very nasty hairpin bends.

of the R.A.C. 15·9 Standard Car race, and had established a good lead when the magneto clip band snapped and ruined her chances. This was so unusual a failure that the car was hardly blamed, and it now remains to be seen whether the early promise is to be fulfilled.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Two Races.

Two handicaps of more than ordinary importance are to be decided this week—the Newbury Cup and the Duke of York Stakes. For the former event, which is run over two miles and a furlong—or a furlong less than the distance

of the Cesarewitch—several horses engaged in the latter race are nominated. Willonyx, the most approved stayer of the season, has been awarded 9 st. 6 lb., which is a rare burden over any course, but a particularly severe one to carry at Newbury. The handicapper reckons him 8 lb. better than Declare, who is supposed to be the best of the Manton division, which is particularly strong in this race. The others from that centre are Admiral Togo III. (a former winner of the race), Rosedrop, King Midas, Elizabethetta, Mirador, and Jaseur. Five owners are represented in this lot, and he will be a lucky man who solves this Manton puzzle. Dalmatian went with a good reputation to Manchester, where he ran badly; but he made amends at Newmarket by winning the October Handicap, thereby earning a penalty for this race. Yellow Slave is wonderfully consistent, if unfortunate. Lower down in the handicap are Carbineer and Claretoi, and Major Edwards' horse is not out of it on the Ebor Handicap running. For the Duke of York Stakes a different stamp of horse will go to the post, it being a mile-and-a-quarter event. A previous winner, Wolfe Land, who has 8 st. 8 lb. to carry, has been doing well in easier races than this one, and may show prominently here. Rosedrop, the Oaks winner, is said to have grown into a magnificent mare, and may be dangerous. Dandyprat, Succour, Braxted, Adam Bede all seem to have chances. races named will be found under "Monday Tips."

Stayers.

The history of the Manton training establishment is an object-lesson to those people who regard long-distance racing as the backbone of the Turf. A glance through the names of the horses trained by Taylor shows that the master of the famous Wiltshire estate bends practically the whole of his energies towards the development of stamina. And he does it with so much success that in all handicaps of which the distance is a mile and a half or more his representatives are always to be feared. Many of his famous winners would have been

weeded out of other stables as useless by the end of their first or second seasons; but at Manton, where the motto is "Won by Waiting," they are merely acquiring the strength and staying-power that it is necessary they should possess in order to triumph in such races as the Ascot Stakes (which Pradella and Torpoint won

as aged horses), the Cesarewitch (which Grey Tick won as an aged horse—a veritable triumph this for Taylor), the Manchester November Handicap (won by Admiral Togo III. as a five year-old), the Newbury Autumn Cup (won by the same horse in the following season), and the Prince Edward Handicap, this year won by Papavero.

Race Names.

The naming of races at Newmarket is done in a very slipshod manner, many of the events being without any sort of distinction. This does not apply only to what may be termed the "off days," for even on such an important afternoon as that on which the Cambridgeshire is run one finds an "All-Aged Selling Plate," a "Maiden Plate," and "An Apprentices' Plate." At next week's meeting there, one comes across such undistinguished titles as "A Mile Selling Plate," "A Selling Plate," "A Two-Year Old Plate"; and at the First October Meeting last week even those paltry qualifications were missing in one instance, a race on the Great Eastern Railway Handicap day being merely "A Plate." There are also such meaningless titles as "First Nursery," and "Second Nursery." Surely it would not be too much effort to identify all the races run at Newmarket either with the district or with the Jockey Club who have direct control of the racing there? Some of the races have admirable names. Why not extend the practice to all? Newmarket stands alone in this respect. Many of the enclosures often referred to slightly as minor ones set a good example, naming their races after villages, towns, or landmarks in the vicinity. Mr. Bob Fowler, of Lingfield, has framed some

very appropriate names in another direction. In September he has a "Partridge Handicap," and in October a "Pheasant Handicap." One of the best-named races in the Calendar is the "Atlantic Stakes": one does not need to be told that it is run at Liverpool. The Robin Hood Stakes, the Jubilee Stakes, and the Gimcrack Stakes are all good examples of race-naming, all of them helping to keep notable events in the memory.

MONDAY TIPS BY CAPTAIN COE.

Newbury, today: Newbury Autumn Cup, Claretoi; Autumn Stakes, Lalo; Donnington Plate, Outram. To-morrow: Kingsclere Stakes, Stedfast; Highclere Nursery, Alope; Lambourne Welter, Merry Spinner; Whatcombe Handicap, Sunshine. Kempton, Friday: Richmond Handicap, Sunningdale; Coventry Plate, Knockfeerna;

Imperial Produce Plate, Adula filly or Jaeger; Duke of York Stakes, Rosedrop; Rivermead Handicap, Noramac; Kempton Nursery, Fair Relative or Adula filly. Haydock Park, Friday; October Handicap, Sir Raymond. Saturday: Autumn Handicap, Brandimintine. Newmarket, Tuesday: Champion Stakes, Lemberg.



LAYING THE LINE: CREATING THE "RED-HERRING" FOR A DRAG HUNT.

Those who favour drag-hunting—that is to say, ride after what has been dubbed the "red-herring"—have various methods of preparing the "drag." The usual way is to keep a tame fox in the kennel, and when a "drag" is required to put the litter in a net or a hare's-skin. This is then trailed along the ground, a drop or two of oil-of-aniseed being added to it every five minutes or so. Given a certain amount of practice, hounds will follow the scent thus created as satisfactorily as they will that of fox or stag.

Photograph by International Illustrations.

Bachelor's Hope, and My selections for the



IF I HAD A DONKEY AND HE WOULDN'T GO! THE MOKE REFUSING TO CARRY THE COMPETITOR,
THE COMPETITOR CARRIES THE MOKE!

Photograph by Sport and General.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Odious Invention of Printing.

It is difficult to limit the harm that has been done to the human race by the odious invention of printing. It has not only destroyed our eyesight, and made the masses discontented, but has vulgarised and profaned the most intimate, the highest things. The first great stories, the first epic poems, were told by the hearthstone or sung to the accompaniment of a harp or lute. These legends and ballads were worth hearing; they were essentially personal and dramatic, and were heightened by the emotion of the human voice. It is a commonplace that the most piquant anecdote loses half its charm in cold, grey print, and that is why great wits, like great actors, must content themselves with an ephemeral reputation. As a matter of fact, many things that are worth hearing are never printed at all; they filter through the London clubs, get told across country-house dinner-tables, are embellished in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. Once let such a story be set up by a compositor in Fleet Street, and all its intimate charm vanishes. If everyone can have it for a halfpenny, you and I, of course, do not set much store by it. By the time twenty thousand copies of it are circulating, we hold it uncommonly cheap. Gossip, in short, is a million times more thrilling than any newspaper. And it is much the same with books. Some of the most wonderful productions of the human mind were not printed, but were written out by scribes and handed round, as priceless treasures, among the literati. No sixpenny edition of a classic could ever vie in interest with such a manuscript.

A Mid-Victorian Vice.

Reading became a vice during the nineteenth century. It was used as a powerful narcotic by the lower middle classes and by women of all ranks to make them forget their gross inequalities and their futile miseries. The baneful theory grew up that a knowledge of books

was more admirable—even more useful—than a knowledge of human nature. Absurd, conventional standards were set up—chiefly by the Victorian novelists—and it took a Meredith and a Hardy to destroy the bogeys which Dickens and George Eliot industriously erected. Women of the upper and middle classes were extremely well read, and usually acquired French, German, and Italian in order to add three more literatures to their own. The natural result of all this learning was that they bequeathed to their sons and daughters a healthy, human dislike for books. The well-born twentieth-century boy and girl vastly prefer an active life, intercourse with their kind, and games of the most strenuous sort to all the tomes of the British Museum. The novel, the memoir, the biography now appeal to a lower class, and they have to be sold for a trifling sum to be read at all. The most lively romance comes to an unmourned end before



[Copyright.]

A REST GOWN.
The gown is in parsley-green charmeuse, and is fastened at the waist with a big bow of Nattier blue. The bodice has a V-shaped vest of white Ninon, and ruffles of the same material finish the sleeves.

six weeks are out. The publishers wring their hands and bewail their lost readers. The fact is that literature, as a narcotic, has lost its power. The drug no longer "acts"; the patient does not respond.

Take Away Those Books!

Like the author of the "Rubaiyat," we have had, for the present, enough of books and theories. To-day is the age of active experiment, of social reform, of empirical enterprises. The young people want to be up and doing. They must join processions, wave banners, and take an active part in progressive movements. As to recreation, the real rivals of the novel and the poem are the most innocent card-games and puzzles. I know a distinguished editor—now retired—who spends most of his evenings assiduously piecing together portions of jagged wood. He calls it making a picture, and vows there is no more amusing diversion. Countless thousands of estimable folk took to the blameless game of patience—particularly poker-patience—as the solace of their evenings. There is no doubt that the ever-growing popularity of poker-patience accounts for a good deal of the indifference for current literature. And the curious side of the whole affair is that in spite of the hostile attitude towards Polite Letters manifested by the buying public, never in the history of the world have so many industrious persons been occupied in covering nice clean white paper with ink. Some unknown, unfathomable law of their being must compel them so to occupy themselves, for the cry of those who are not of the literary profession is unmistakable. It is: "Take away those books!"

Why the Theatre Attracts.

In spacious, unrestful, shifting times the theatre always comes into its own. The heyday of our drama was contemporaneous with the first expansion of England, when we defied Spain and began to count as a first-class European Power. Once again we have, though somewhat sporadically, a drama which represents the spirit of our time, and audiences as restless as those which frequented the Globe when Shakespeare acted. One is amazed, particularly in autumn months, to see the vast audiences which are collected, night after night, at Drury Lane, at His Majesty's Theatre, and at the great music-halls. True, poetry is out of favour, unless it is hall-marked "Shakespeare," yet any play with a popular appeal seems to bring the lucky dramatist a fortune. And, curiously enough, the Actress, especially if she be young and triumphantly pretty, seems to appeal more to girls than to boys. It is the tired typist or shop-girl, the milliner and the teacher, who make the amazing success of the feminine "star." It is they who buy her photograph, collect picture postcards of their adored favourite, and fill the pit and gallery at matinées whenever she appears. These humble worshippers live, vicariously, in her dazzling stage career. Dressed, themselves, in eternal serge, they see, in her soft satins and caressing furs, her scintillating jewels and flimsy gauzes, the apotheosis of the Eternal Feminine. The successful actress embodies most of their dreams of beauty, charm, and personal triumph.

[Copyright.]
The costume is in white serge, with revers and cuffs of black satin. The inner revers and the panel to the skirt are in scarlet check.

A GOLFING COSTUME.

The costume is in white serge, with revers and cuffs of black satin. The inner revers and the panel to the skirt are in scarlet check.

The costume is in white serge, with revers and cuffs of black satin. The inner revers and the panel to the skirt are in scarlet check.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 10.

THERE is no doubt that from a Stock Exchange point of view the last week has been of an eventful nature. The Morocco affair no sooner looked as if it were settled than a new crisis was rushed to the front by the Italian demands as to Tripoli, which amounted practically to a declaration of war with Turkey; while, like a thunderbolt from a blue sky, the suspension of the Bank of Egypt—perhaps precipitated by the Tripoli position—came as a shock to reviving confidence; and to add to the confusion we now learn that in thinking the Morocco crisis settled we had probably been a little premature.

If the hostilities between Italy and Turkey could be localised they would not greatly disturb the financial position; but it is very hard to believe that disturbances in the Balkans, involving the gravest issues, may not result, while the excitable Greek is not unlikely to cause further trouble. At any minute this Italian brigandage may precipitate unknown complications.

With regard to the stoppage of the Bank of Egypt, it certainly was a complete surprise to even the best-informed dealers in the market, while to the shareholders, who got a dividend in July, the shock was most unexpected. At first, optimistic estimates were held as to the realisation, and the chances of the shareholders getting a reasonable amount out of the wreck were so highly estimated that shares in some numbers changed hands at between £4 and £5 each. Late reports, however, do not encourage much hope of such a result, and if the buyer will take over the liability of £12 10s. a share, he can now get them as a gift. No one really knows the true value of the assets—probably not even the Bank officials; but the depositors and persons having current accounts will, we think, be paid in full without much delay.

HOME RAILS.

The question which chiefly interests the holders of Home Rails is whether we are at the beginning or end of the present labour unrest. For the moment the failure of the Irish strike has put some heart into holders, for surely what can be done in Ireland can be done in England as well, they say. It may be so, but the conditions are not the same, and the problem here is vastly more complicated than in the smaller island. Traffics continue good, and were it not for the chance of trouble with the coal-miners and with the railway men if the report of the Commission is not sufficiently in their favour, nothing could keep prices down. As it is, nothing seems able to put them up. Ten years ago who would have thought of Home Rails on a 5 per cent. basis?—and yet to-day you can buy Great Eastern, Great Western, and London and North Western Ordinary to pay that interest or over; while two or three Deferred stocks, such as Midland or Brighton, will give you well over 5½. Of a truth, times have changed!

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I nearly got bowled over by a motor-bus in Threadneedle Street," laughed Our Stroller. "As nearly as possible."

"It's awfully dangerous," agreed his broker. "There was a man killed there the other day, and I believe there is some movement on foot to petition the Corporation to divert the traffic."

"There must always be a few deaths before you Londoners take steps in the direction of reform."

"There will be murder in Old Broad Street one day," declared the broker. "One or two of those nippers who rush from the House to the telephone boxes will be cut up by taxis, and then—"

"Not until then," interposed our friend.

"Not until then will it be stopped."

They strolled round into Shorter's Court, the broker saying it did not matter about his getting into the "Close." It was just four o'clock.

Our Stroller was considerably interested in watching the pneumatic tubes through which the Wall Street cables came. The little wooden chairs were also being placed in preparation for the arbitrageurs.

"Luxurious beggars!" Our Stroller commented, as he moved away from the crowd which swarmed out of the Stock Exchange like bees from a hive.

In a couple of minutes' time every man seemed to be an anxious dealer in Steel.

"Can't make out this market," said the broker; "but I'd rather be a bull, on balance, than a bear, looking at it from the long-view standpoint."

"They can't dissolve these Trusts, surely," protested another, "in the sense of shutting them up for good."

"Sounds impossible," said a third. "The Yanks are certain to find some way to get round the difficulty, that's a dead cert."

"They tell me the States are seething with labour troubles, which will develop into worse strikes than we have seen over here."

"Maybe you're right as regards the first part, but the second is sheer guesswork."

"Well, I wouldn't mind locking up Unions for investment and Eries for a gamble," declared one of the group. "I believe Eries will have a really big rise one of these fine nights."

"On the stale and contradicted idea that the line will be in some way or another taken over by the Canadian Pacific," added Our Stroller's broker, as he linked arms and withdrew his client from the crowd.

They paused at the entrance to the Court, and the broker stopped a passer-by.

"Look here," he said, "you know everything about everything. I've got a man who wants a lead in Rubber shares—"

"Don't let him buy the popular shares," replied the Oracle. "Sell Linggi and Vallambrosa and Highlands—put the money into the newer concerns. That's all I can advise you. Good-night."

"He ought to know what he's talking about," said the broker: "one of those chaps who make a study of merits and that kind of thing. Always ready to give you a reason for what he says."

"But all you brokers study markets?"

"In a general kind of way, of course. You've only got to think, though, of what we are supposed to have an intimate knowledge to understand how impossible it is for us to be the experts people take us for."

"You are a very candid broker!"

"My dear fellow, I don't talk like this to everybody, of course, nor do we have the noble truth emblazoned on our notebook."

"But—"

"Yes, quite so. We often do have better sources for obtaining information than most people, so we can advise our clients—"

"You ought to make tons of money."

"Permit me to traverse that by telling you that good information costs us more money than bad debts do—and they're expensive enough, I can assure you!"

Our Stroller looked hopelessly puzzled by this tissue of paradoxes, but he and his broker had drifted round to the Street Market in Kaffirs.

"What's the excitement?" asked the broker.

"They bid 'over' for East Rands."

"Same as they were in the House, isn't it?"

"A ha'penny harder, for choice. The whole market is rather better. It's the fresh air, you know."

"This East Rand business won't do you any ultimate good," prophesied the broker. "You can't expect people to come and buy Kaffirs if such 'incidents' as these are going to happen just when the market gets a bit of a push-off."

"Rotten, isn't it?" was the hearty agreement. "We all thought we saw our way to getting a bit of business in the Kaffir Market, and along comes this!"

"But Rhodesians ought not to be affected, eh?"

"Can't help feeling it by sympathy, you know. However, I'm glad we've had this little move-up in Rhodesians, if only to show the public that there's life in the old dog yet. And the war is only a very indirect influence, after all."

"Life in the old bull, you mean"—and the broker smiled cheerily.

"Well," said Our Stroller, as they turned out of the Street, "none of you people seem to know your own minds."

"By which you mean—?"

"You talk as if you want and expect things to go better, although at the same time you have hardly enough courage to think they will."

"Now, I rather fancy," said his broker slowly, "that you have—have smitten the nail on the head this time!"

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

GAMMA.—We should be glad to know when we spoke well of the Oil shares, as we have no recollection of doing so. At threepence you can't hurt to average, but we have no faith in its future. The Rhodesian shares are all speculations. We like the first one the best, but all *might* see your price in any general revival.

SPERO.—You can buy annuities through the Post Office or from one of the insurance companies. The insurance companies will give you a bigger return than the Post Office. You can buy an annuity payable on two lives. Write to the Sun Life Insurance Company, 63, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or to the Equitable Assurance Society of the United States, Princes Street, E.C., and see what they quote in the case you give.

WIDOW.—We cannot think you will ever get a penny back, as the people are the worst form of bucket shop.

E. V. K.—Of your shares Nos. 1 and 3 are the best. The rest you should sell. Markets are so disturbed by the European and labour situation that we do not care to advise purchases.

LANCS.—We hear the shares of the Mexico North-Western Railway are a cheap lock up at 43, or, as a more risky speculation, the shares of the San Antonio Land and Irrigation Company at about 30 or 35.

R.P.—We cannot trace the Company. Having made exhaustive search without success, we can only conjecture it is a very small affair, or else, perhaps, that you have not given the correct name.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Autumn by the Sea. Blackpool is still crowded. So well does this enterprising seaside town cater for its multitudinous admirers that its season is prolonged until winter arrives. The place, with all its great natural advantages, has been turned into a paradise for the pleasure-seeker, who will find every kind of amusement both by sea and land most plenteously provided. Several golf-links are available, there is a steeplechase meeting, League football, sailing, bathing, and every possible holiday attraction at hand. A booklet entitled "Blackpool Autumn Season" will tell more adequately what these attractions are, and can be obtained from 12, Tyldesley Terrace, Blackpool

Living Pictures. It is most instructive to know all about anything we value. A most interesting series of cinematograph pictures showing daily life on the five million acres of Oxo cattle farms was shown lately at a reception given by

Mr. Charles E. Gunther, Chairman of the Company, at the Model Oxo Factory, Southwark Bridge. These pictures are most fascinating, showing the immense herds of finest Herefordshire cattle living the freest, healthiest life away on boundless plains, cared for, feeding on a wonderful quality of sun-and-wind-grown grass, bathed in a novel and exciting way.

The work of the cowboys is shown, the branding of calves—in fact, the whole working of this colossal concern. The films are, I am told, available for public and private lectures throughout the kingdom. Those interested who desire to interest others should make early application for particulars to Oxo, Thames House, London.

Waking Up. It is true that London has been full and has worn an air of life and verve all through September. It is this month that we look for a revival of social life. The King and Queen are expected at Buckingham Palace this week. Next week—on Wednesday, the 18th—there will be the union of two great ducal houses in the wedding of Earl Percy with Lady Helen Gordon Lennox, which will fill St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with well-known people. From that on there will be interest in town affairs. Country-house parties will cause constant passing through the Metropolis. Pheasant-shooting began legally on Monday; birds were shot, of course, for utilitarian purposes—shooting for sport is for later on. The birds hand-fed have been put out too recently to afford the kind of sport which British guns care for; they are too tame, and will be so for a while. Some people, even then, sneer at pheasant-shooting, although high-fliers and rocketers are rare tests of marksmanship. The public at large are gainers, too, for they purchase for 3s. 6d. or 4s. the bird which cost the owner of the shootings from 18s. to £1. Next month, country-house parties assemble for partridge, pheasant, hare, and wildfowl shooting, and for hunting.

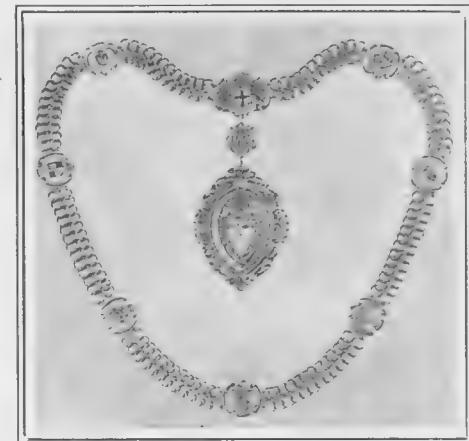
Becoming and Cosy Furs for Cold Weather. Fur fashions are not like other fashions, for fur coats are, like jewelled ornaments, of a special dignity. At the same time, great furriers are

those who most of all consider the prevailing fashion and in every way allow for it in the garments which they supply. On the approach of what experts tell us will be a severe winter, the opinion of a smart furrier is one that every woman likes to have. Revillon Frères, the celebrated firm who are so eminently successful—from trapping the animals, all over the world, to the transfer of their coats to fashionable women and smart men—have in their Regent Salons some very beautiful, graceful, and original models. Coats are for the most part long—quite to the dress-hem. In appearance they have the slim effect that we have become accustomed to, and like, because it gives a look of height and youth to the majority of figures. This is cleverly contrived, while allowance is made for the spring of the skirt at the foot and for its slight elaboration there, which will be features of the coming modes. I gathered that broadtail, caracul, musquash, and mole will be favourite furs. There is a great feeling for ermine coats; and a bold contrast

of black with white—such as I saw on a coat of caracul, which had a beautifully shaped, deep fichu-like collar tapering in front down to the waist of white fox bordered with black fox, and with deep cuffs to match—is a last word in smartness. This caracul, soft and supple as chiffon velvet, was draped at the back with an effect that was astonishingly dignified and graceful. Yet another similar contrast, differently carried out, was a very deep ermine cape to a long caracul coat. In musquash, seal-dyed coats, for which the demand will be greater than ever, I saw many novelties. One was trimmed with rich skunk, which was put on above the hem in sweeping lines, and formed the handsome collar, with a bias effect at the back particularly fascinating because so careless-looking and unusual.

Linings a Feature. The insides

of these be-guiling coats are as delicate and harmonious as the outsides are rich and soft. One is lined with moss-green silk Ninon, having a fancy border of green velvet raised in an artistic design. Another is lined with white satin having a brocaded black border exactly like fine lace. Another lining is of broad alternate stripes of black and white in rich satin; another is old-rose silk Ninon with a fanciful velvet border. When the coat is thrown open a little, or being put on and taken off, these carefully studied linings have a value that women who are adepts in the art of dress will appreciate. For other hints culled from this same reliable source I may say that ermine will be worn without tails or with these used as trimming in rows set closely together, and in other ways which will date the garment as this year of grace. Particularly is this so on long soft scarves of this pure fur and on the muffs to match. Moleskin will be in favour, but it must of all furs be properly worked to secure the best effect. Chinchilla is now becoming so rare that coats of it are indeed luxuries. Russian sable, although growing scarce, is to be found at Revillon's in a collection sufficiently large to please the most exacting taste, and the assortment of silver fox which this firm has just received from their Canadian posts is of a nature to challenge comparison successfully with the stock of any other house in the world. These two furs, sable and silver fox, are to the fur world what diamonds are to the jeweller; chinchilla might be compared to rubies, ermine to pearls, and broadtail to emeralds. The stones less precious, but quite as beautiful and ornamental, might represent the furs in general wear.



PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN C. A. HANSON, SHERIFF-ELECT OF THE CITY OF LONDON: HIS GOLD CHAIN AND BADGE OF OFFICE.

The presentation was made at the Guildhall by Sir Whittaker Ellis on behalf of the inhabitants of Mr. Hanson's Ward of Broad Street. The ornamental shields at intervals in the chain bear the arms of the Pattern-Makers' Company, Canada, Newfoundland, Cornwall, and Fowey, and a view of the entrance to the Stock Exchange. The chain and badge were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.



THE VERY LATEST THING IN EVENING FROCKS: A GOWN BY ERNEST.

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ally treated as those which I had the privilege of seeing at Revillon Frères, they do really rank as gems among fur coats, scarves, and muffs for the winter.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

OF all the changes that the past summer has brought to the season few are less welcome to the country dweller than the hard-baked land that is now to be found everywhere. Writing in the last days of September, I find two avenues of country activity well-nigh closed. There has been little or no ploughing on heavy lands, and there has been little or no cub-hunting. Farmers who had gathered in their corn two or three weeks earlier than usual have not been able to sow the catch-crops of trifolium, tares, rye-grass, and the rest, that supply so much welcome green fodder in late spring before hay harvest; while the fox-hunter, who knows that the year has been singularly favourable to the litters, cannot come to terms with the cubs. The farmer, too, is unable just now to prepare his land for late autumn sowing: plough-horses, like hunters, are eating their heads off; and, as the cost of feeding horses is mounting up steadily, owing to lack of hay, every man with a full stable has a definite grievance.

But the damage wrought by the drought is not only direct, it is indirect. The small holder who keeps poultry, and the farmer who likes to turn his birds on to the stubbles to fatten at no perceptible cost to himself are alike troubled by the foxes, for a fox must live, even though men who do not hunt and have no hay to sell may not be able to recognise the necessity. In the early summer, foxes could find plenty of game; but to-day the pheasants are roosting out of reach, wild duck have grown very wary, and the partridges, "jugging" in the middle of large fields and facing in all directions any danger that may arise, are beyond the reach of pursuit. So the fox families—healthy, hungry, and resolute—have no resource but to take advantage of the poultry that seeks the stubbles, or of the runs that careless small holders may have forgotten properly to protect. The tale of losses is considerable. It is in vain to appeal to the hunt; men are not prepared to risk their necks on land as hard as iron for the very moderate pleasure of cubbing: they are waiting anxiously for better going, in order to test the young draft and prepare for the full season that is less than a month away. It is unthinkable that October should leave the land unrefreshed; but if it did so, the November hunting would be imperilled in many parts of the country, for the hard, dry plough-land will probably fail to carry the scent, and there is no room in the shires for everybody. As things have been for years past, the shire fields are far too big. Then, again, hounds cannot run for long over very hard land—their feet won't stand it.

For the committee of the hunt that looks after claims for compensation, the position is a very difficult one; the destruction

wrought by foxes is on a scale of unexampled magnitude, and, if every man with a claim were to present it, the financial difficulty would soon be a very grave one. Happily, a considerable proportion of those who keep poultry are hunting-men, or are in sufficient sympathy with the hunt to accept their losses without anything worse than utterance of the Englishman's shortest prayer; but there are genuine poultry-breeders hard hit in sufficient numbers to present a very heavy bill. This is not the worst. I have heard of one or two mangy foxes in one hunting country, and if they are not killed the disease will spread. If you have too many foxes about—and undoubtedly there are too many just now—the supply of fresh food may prove insufficient, a fox may be driven to eat something tainted, and then trouble begins. In the best interests of fox and hunting, a sufferer from mange should be shot at sight; but at a moment when a great many people would welcome any excuse to have a shot at a fox the remedy might prove little better than the complaint.

Countrymen will agree that this has been a bad year for sickness among all animals, domesticated and wild. There have been outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease among cattle, and swine fever is raging in many parts. No animal can face abnormal conditions for long unless special precautions are taken, and in a year like the present disease is bound to appear. Nature has her own way of limiting increase: while life responds to favourable conditions at one season of the year, it succumbs to unfavourable conditions a little later; the balance is preserved, and we are left to wonder what it is and how it works in its larger aspects. So the farmer, looking ruefully over his fields in the last days of September, sees that an unusually early harvest has brought him little gain; and the keen huntsman, jogging along to exercise his horse, hears sad stories of depredations that he could end or considerably reduce in a week or two if only the countryside could gain the gift of five or six days' steady rain that would heal the rents in the brown earth, give the meadows some semblance of green, bulk the poor remains of root crops, and enable the farmer and the small holder to forget their lost poultry in thoughts of the work waiting to be done. Passing showers and heavy storms are alike useless; a week of steady downpour is the only remedy for the evils under the sun. Until that gift is vouchsafed there is nothing left for the countryman, be he hunter, farmer, or small holder, but patience and resignation. What a fortunate thing it is that residence in the country, where one lives far removed from the defences against Nature that towns provide, strengthens these special virtues. Without them country life would lose part of its savour just now.

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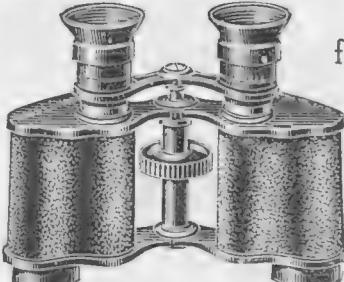
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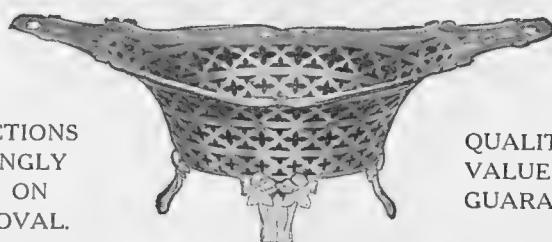


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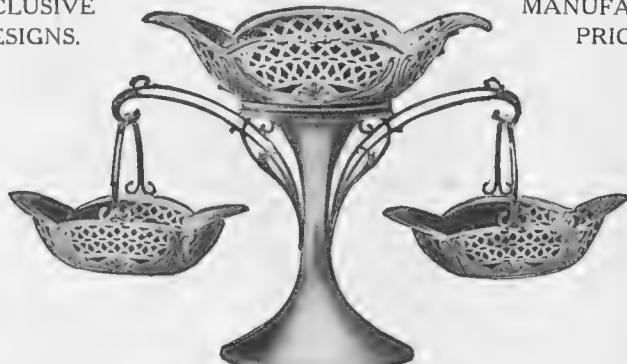
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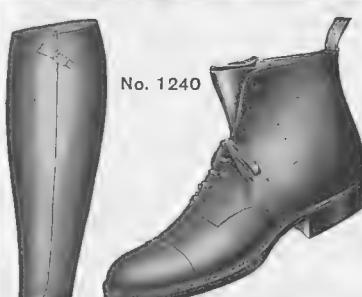
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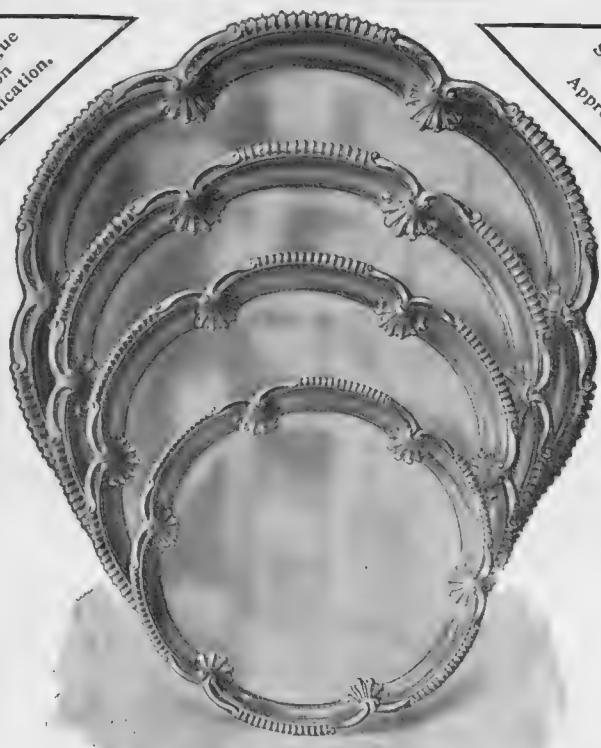


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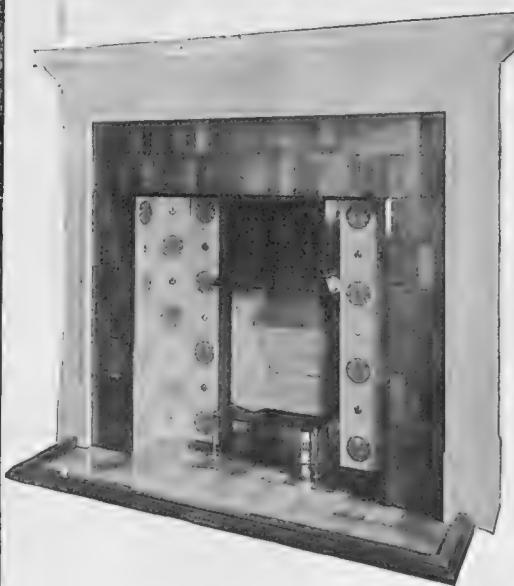
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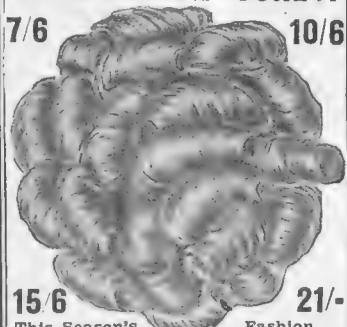
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Lost Iphigenia."
By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.
(Smith Elder and Co.)

"You've no idea what a strange feeling it is," writes lovely Sarolta to her friend. "The power of that man, shut up in his Altschloss, quite away and yet dominating every mind in this little town! Frankheim is Lothnar's . . . his opera-house, his great schemes, his next work, the last musical festival, his oddity, his genius, his tyranny, his greatness—there is nothing but that." Nor is there much else in "The Lost Iphigenia." The very name of its title is from one of his operas. The stress, the emotion, the passion, and the heroine, as well as her poignant receptive voice, are all his. He uses them grandly, as a genius should, and quite unscrupulously. Sarolta bored him, but because she sang his Iphigenia divinely, he was prepared to teach her to sing his Phædra adequately by means of an impassioned mystical flirtation. (He had hoped his tenor might achieve this development for him.) Poor Sarolta, cast aside, bruised, and brutally disillusioned, declined on a young Englishman, who is too good to be true, but not too good to be entirely and delightfully adorable. And after two years a severe test puts their improbable happiness on a firm basis.

"Peter and Jane." "Peter and Jane" may be left as a perfectly safe and readable story to all our youthful Peters and Janes. They are nice, healthy, well-bred people, both of them; and it is not their fault that they fail to be thrilling. Peter had a mother, though! And her strange personality, her desperate remedy for a tight place, and its consequences, make a purple patch across the native homespun. Peter never was in real danger of losing his inheritance. He only gained in interest by the shadow of misfortune, and we a pleasant novel. "Toffy" is everything he should be as a conventional foil.

"Can Man Put Asunder?"
By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA.
(John Murray.)

Lady Napier answers her own question by her heroine, to the effect that man can (seeing that decree of divorce was made absolute some months after George Gascoigne's elopement with Lady Cyril), but that woman will not; for when the devout lover hastened at the first legal moment to offer himself to the deserted wife, she replies, "I cannot; it would not be right. I love you with my whole heart. I would give all the world, if I had it, to be your wife, but I cannot break my vow. I swore at the altar of Almighty God that I would be true to my husband until death parted us. . . . In the bitterest, cruellest sorrow, I must beg you to leave me. It must not, it cannot be." But there

are always the unhealthiest parts of West Africa. And the eloping husband, thoroughly uncomfortable with a shrewish mate, goes there penitently to shoot wild game, evidently with the happiest results. "Can Man Put Asunder?" is a faithful type of the sentimental English novel—virtue, vice, and selfishness all clearly labelled and given undivided to separate persons. And, of course, the naughty lady had masses of tawny hair standing out from her small head in crisp waves, and her figure was faultless, and her eyes were green. "She had a strange fascination for men." Let us say she has also a strange fascination for women—when they happen to be novelists.

"The Lifted Latch."
By GEORGE VANE.
The Bodley Head.

The author of "The Lifted Latch" is very strong on consequences: nothing can be as if it had not been. So it is fairly certain, from the prologue on, that poor, deceived Violet Ramsey will not be permitted to lose her baby in the Swiss Pension. And long after, when newly acquired respectability, and even Ambassadorial dignity had been achieved, the past returns for reckoning. The weak spot in practice, so far as "The Lifted Latch" is concerned, seems to be the necessity for so thorough-paced and deeply dyed a villain. He is not only a Duke, but an Italian one—Lloyd George will plumb the situation. He began by seducing Violet; he continued by seducing the girl in whose family his illegitimate son found shelter, taking her to America and abandoning her there; while the son, who loved her as his own sister, went out to rescue her. An unfortunate accident pointed to the son as her murderer, he only got off by a second trial, and wandering destitute in Naples, is befriended by—Violet's own lawful son, who is yachting in those parts. Violet's husband being appointed to Rome as Ambassador, the whole family are on the spot for complications and developments. Including the Duke. Emerson would be surprised to find such a sermon preached on his text of the doctrine of retribution which follows the title-page. The "bonny cripis" of the revelations in Rome seems far removed from the fine austere air of Emersonian thought.

It is claimed on the best authority by the makers of Phosferine, the well-known nerve tonic, that it was largely the sustaining properties of their preparation which enabled Burgess to accomplish his great feat of swimming the Channel. They mention that, until his last and successful attempt, he had not employed Phosferine, and they quote his testimonial saying: "I record my keen appreciation of Phosferine as a nerve and muscle tonic of the highest order, having proved from experience its unfailing efficacy in preparing me for the special demand on my energies."

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the English win of the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship; the Fair Months of the Year; Miss Enid Bell; "The Perplexed Husband," at Wyndham's; the Weapons Woman Wields; October Shooting; Torn Pages; Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

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IN $\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{2}{3}$ POTS

"MODERN POLO."

HURLINGHAM, Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Rugby in England, the Indian Polo Association, the Polo Association of America, and other clubs that might be mentioned in France, Spain, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Egypt, and elsewhere, bear testimony to the ever-increasing popularity of polo. In this country, where it was introduced by the 10th Hussars more than forty years ago, polo flourishes in spite of the heavy expense with which it is associated, and it is hardly surprising to find that Captain E. D. Miller's "Modern Polo" (Hurst and Blackett) has now reached its third edition. The author is captain, and one of his two polo-playing brothers is vice-captain, of the Rugby Polo Club, and it is safe to say that what he does not know about the game is not knowledge. The volume under notice, with its admirable illustrations, covers the whole ground of the sport in systematic fashion, setting out all technical points, discussing etiquette, explaining the proper qualities of a polo pony, and how one should be chosen—in short, providing beginner and expert alike with an invaluable *vade mecum*. It is because Captain Miller is an expert player that his comments never seem irrelevant or superfluous; even the man who does not play polo will learn a great deal that is well worth knowing about ponies and their management. It is unfortunate that the cost of the game must always restrict the number of players, and this expense is a misfortune for which even our author can suggest no remedy; perhaps it is on this account that he is inclined to relegate the question to the background. Captain Miller, who has led the Rugby Team since 1892, and can claim to have had six successive years without defeat (1897 to 1903), tells us that he never saw polo played until he went to India in 1887, when he joined the team of the 17th Lancers. He points out that the increase in the number of this country's polo clubs is due to a certain reduction in the number of hunters kept by men who love riding and who see that, by adding a few polo-ponies to their string, they can have "their fun in the saddle" all the year round.

Many of the Continental resorts will be able to look back upon a most successful summer season, and none more so than Le Touquet. The golf-course has been the principal attraction, and

notwithstanding the drought, everyone has been astonished at the excellent condition of the putting-greens and the fairway, a state of things only accomplished by much hard labour and copious water-supply. The Golf Hotel, on the course, has been full all the summer, and remains open during the winter. Another attraction at Le Touquet is the Casino, which is to be again enlarged. During the coming season a pack of foxhounds will be counted among the features of this delightful and enterprising resort, which can be reached in less than five hours from Charing Cross.

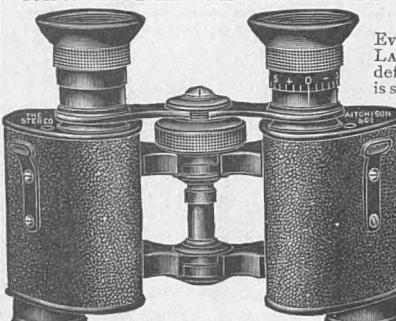
Mr. J. Arthur Bleackley, that excellent mimic, has written a little book, called "The Art of Mimicry" (Samuel French, 2s. 6d.), which is most entertaining, and should be extremely useful and suggestive to aspirants in that department of histrionics. "As is parody to literature," wrote Mr. Max Beerbohm, "so (at its best) is mimicry to acting." Mr. Bleackley's object is to avoid the "parrot-like, phonographic school of mimicry," and to suggest a practical method for cultivating the true form of the art. There is no royal road to success in mimicry. "Strive to be an original thinker," says Mr. Bleackley, "a creative artiste, not a mere imitator. You cannot do better than study Nature, and the elements of psychology." Elocution, too, must be studied, temperament and imagination cultivated, the senses and the memory carefully trained. The author quotes Dr. Johnson's dictum: "To be a good mimick requires great powers, great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed." A specially interesting chapter is that on "Some Celebrated Mimics," of whom several amusing anecdotes are told—in fact, there are many good stories throughout the book, which should be exceedingly popular.

Because the firm who were responsible for the presentation of that beautiful little car, the 14-18-h.p. Itala, has closed its doors, it should not be supposed that this chassis is no longer made or no longer obtainable in London. Quite the reverse is the case in both instances, for the firm above referred to were merely acting as agents for the sale of this car, and now it would appear that its representation reverts to Itala Automobiles, Ltd., 71, St. James's Street, S.W., where this and other models of the well-known and favourite Itala may be seen. It was, of course, impossible that so popular a type and make should go out of existence.

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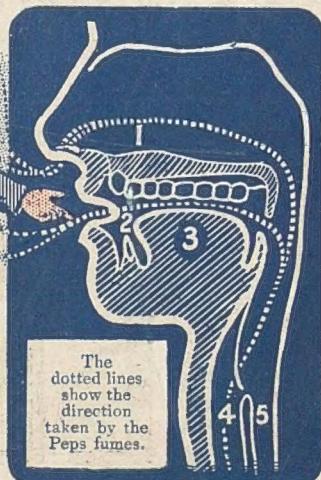
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